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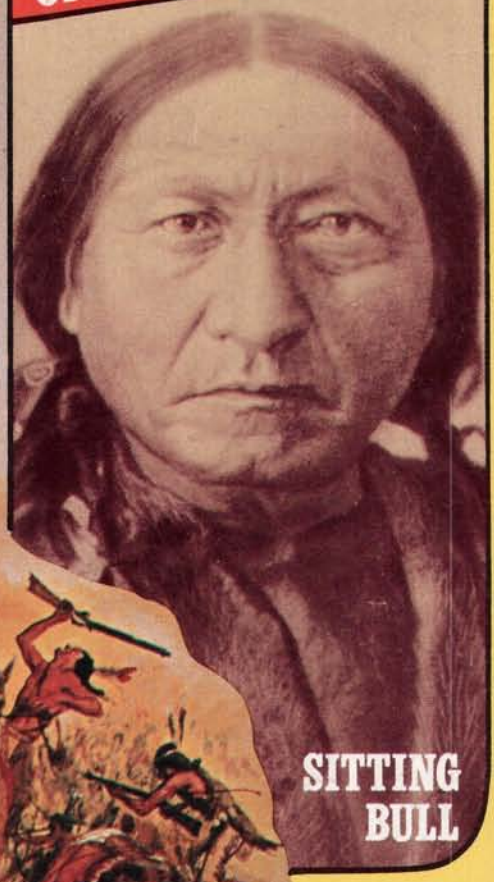

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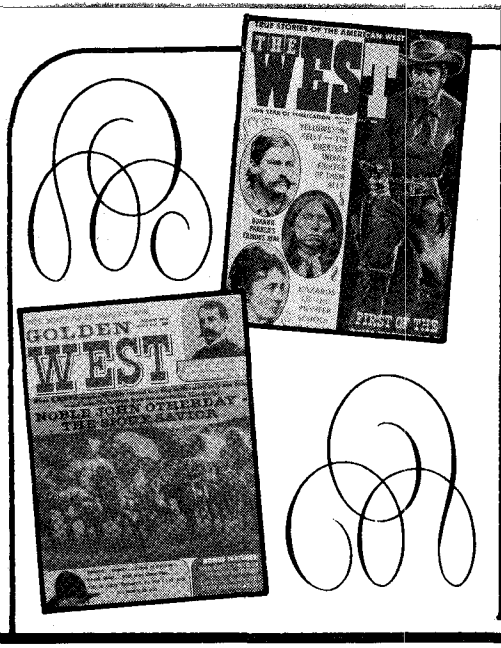

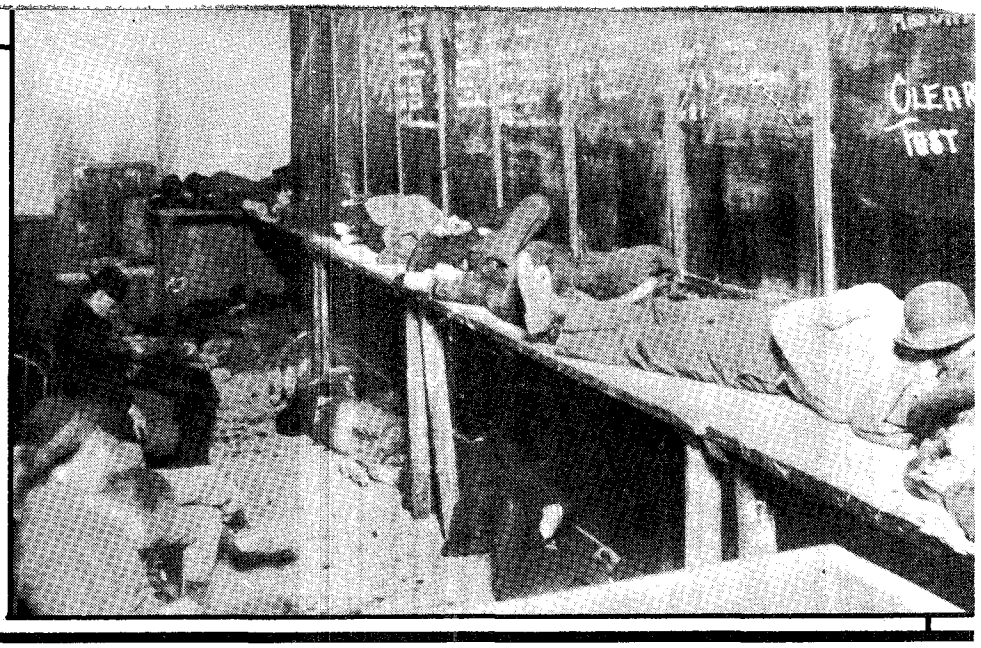

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

FEBRUARY 1974 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 7

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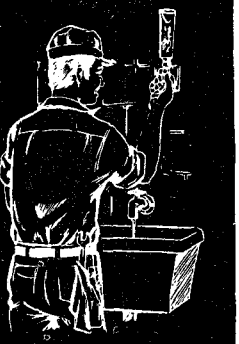

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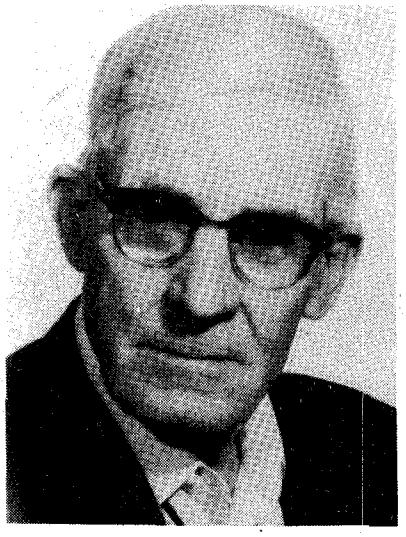
THE OLD TIMERS CORNER



By Bill Salisbury

SALLY JAMES

THERE HAVE BEEN lots of stories written about the James boys, some probably true and some I would deem pure fiction. But I do believe as of yet there has never been anything written about Sally James.

She was a cousin to Jesse and Frank. This I know as Frank came to her house one time when I was there and I remember him saying, "Hello, Aunt Sally. Do you remember me? I'm Frank."

She answered, "Yes, I remember you and Jesse very well."

I later asked her why he called her Aunt Sally. She said that had always been a pet name he and Jesse called her. "In fact, I am their cousin. Their father and my father were brothers," she added.

She told me she felt the boys had gone sour, she figured, from incidents that happened to them when they were children. She told me that her father served with the South in the war. But their father did not believe in the war between the states and, being a very headstrong man, did not go.

One day when the boys were away some sympathizers of the South rode by and saw him plowing in the field. These men threw a bomb in the house blowing off their mother's left arm and setting the house on fire. She barely escaped with her life. They then went and took their father, put a rope around his neck, and lead him to a nearby tree. There they pulled out his finger and toenails and hung him on the spot.

After this the boys went on the rempage with their hearts filled with hatred.

They robbed the first bank to help their mother, who under the conditions could not make it on her own. They drew the enmity of some people as this incident brought a stigma upon them whereas the whole county was drawing up sides. There was no way of obtaining any help from sorrows or losses.

Not like today when there are many people and societies set to relieve and aid those suffering or in trouble. Instead, it was up to everybody to swim or drown.

Under the circumstances, I feel those boys were grasping at straws and takin' the road they did on the spur of the moment. I would like the reader's opinion. What would you have done? Please weigh the evidence carefully.

I had the pleasure of meeting young Jesse James one time when he happened to be on a trip to Colorado. He made it a point to stop at "Gramma" Sally's house and mother and I happened to be there at the time.

He said he did not remember his father too well but he had mentioned Sally several times and he knew who she was and therefore wished to meet her.

He said he thought the stories about his dad were mostly fiction. After all, the writers made more money than his father ever believed existed. But that is the last and only time I ever saw or heard from that distinguished gentleman.

But back to Sally.

Meeting her husband W.W. Macey back in Missouri, they were married and started for Colorado via a covered wagon, her husband thinking of freighting to the mines and hauling out ore. They followed this life for many years, and as they went along in the frontier met many hardships.

To this union was born five children. Three boys and two girls. The girls were twins, Hettie and Jeanette, the three boys were Tom, Claude, and Olie.

The most disastrous thing that happened to them was the loss of Hettie. She disappeared when the twins were about two or three years old. According to her sister, they were playing in the vicinity near the house when two men in a buggy picked her up. Jeanette ran away and hid and escaped them.

When her parents found her they started to investigate and found that these men had also taken all the girls' clothes, leaving the one that was left with the clothes on her back.

Where the children's parents were at the time this all happened I never learned. But I do know that this little girl disappeared from the face of the earth and to this day, as far as I know, was never seen again by any of her family, a fact which grieved their mother all the days of her life.

After the children that were left grew larger there became differences between the parents. Sally's dad had taken to drinking very heavy and W.W. was of very religious nature. So they parted company. She kept the family together as best she could through the circumstances till the children were able to go out on their own.

Jim had heard of some homestead land in Route County, Colorado. After talking it over they decided to try homesteading.

They looked around for suitable land and found what they thought would be ideal for the little family. This particular place was Twin Mesa, about 13 miles west of Hayden, Colorado, in the foothills where there was lots of timber for buildings. In the valleys was some very good soil that appeared would raise good crops.

The land between Hayden and Twin Mesa was almost flat adobe land covered with sagebrush. It did not appear to be the best for farming, but in the foothills the soil was loose and black, although it would be quite a task to clear it as it

(Continued on page 66)

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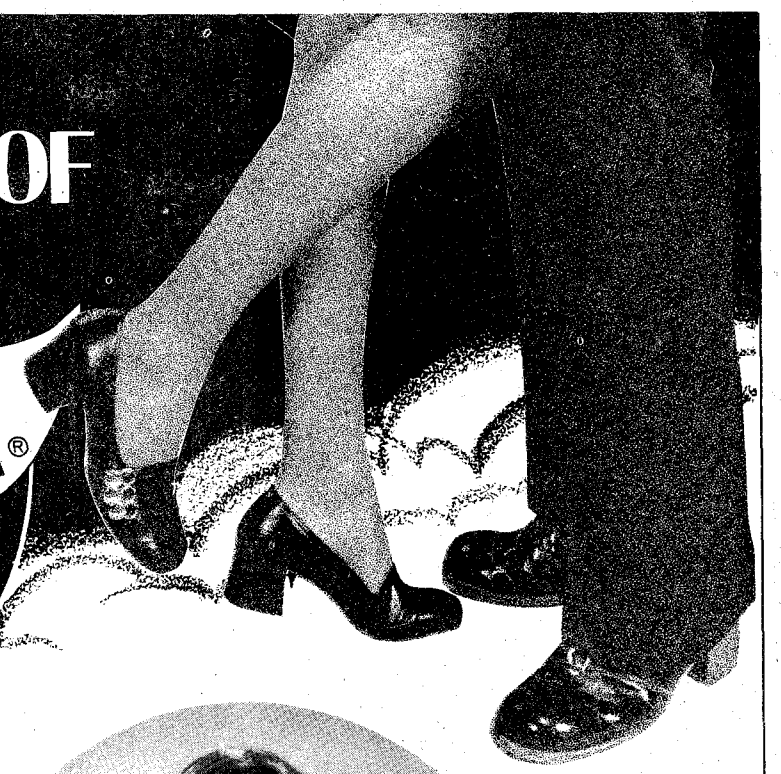

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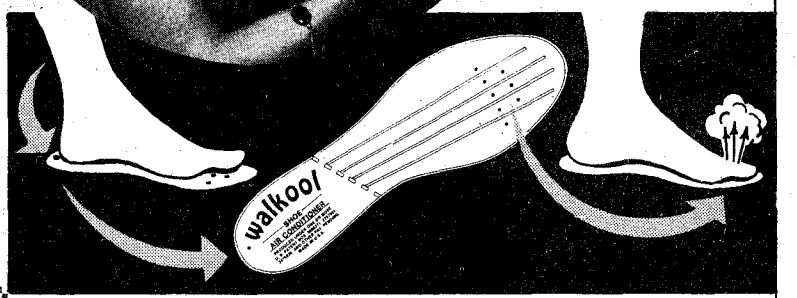

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THE MAIL POUCH

OLDEST JUNIPER

In the Cow Country Quiz, October '73, you referred to the common held idea that the Bristle cone pines are the oldest individuals.

There is a little known juniper tree on the west side of the Sierra Nevadas that is older.

The tree was known by the cattlemen who range cattle in the Stanislaus National Forest in the summertime. A professor from the University of California was told of the tree and his investigations prove it is at least 6500 years old.

The different cattlemen have camps by the tree's location, and pickup trucks can reach the point. However, the tree is situated about 11 miles from the highway or rather the old 108 highway at Niagara Creek that is now bypassed. The tree is at an elevation of 11,000 feet.

For more information about the tree, one can contact the Union Democrat of Sonora, Sonora, Cal. 95370.

MATHEW VERKUYL
Baldwin Park, Ca.

QUANAH PARKER

I read the story, "Quanah Parker's Magic Buttons" with great interest. I am researching Quanah Parker's life and would like to know where the author obtained his information. I have several books but only one mentions Quanah's peyote religion and describes it very briefly.

There seems to be a controversy as to the spelling of that particular Comanche band Quanah led. I have seen it spelled K-w-a-h-a-d-i, Q-u-o-h-a-d-i, Q-u-o-h-a-d-a, but never K-w-a-h-a-r-i.

I had thought that Peta Nocona led the Necone band of Comanche and that Quanah later joined the Quohada band after the Peace River battle.

Before his death in 1911, Quanah wanted a Lawton, Oklahoma authority to write his life history. Too bad it was never a reality. It would have been a most fascinating piece of history.

Thanks to Wilfred Neill for an article well researched and superbly written.

SHULAN BURGER
Chillicothe, Ohio

The recent article on Quanah Parker received much praise from a reader.

HUMAN SAVAGE

Many writers today have the habit, when compiling historical accounts dealing with the American aborigines of the 17, 18, and 19 centuries, to consistently speak of them as savages. In the true sense, they were savages. Nevertheless, the Indian of today resents the term. Therefore, the author would be wiser, and at the same time show his empathy towards them, to select other words or terms today.

This brings up the question, "What is the TRUE meaning of the word 'savage'?"

As we know, people are notorious for taking the liberty to change the meaning of the words to suit themselves. The word "savage" originally had nothing to do with disposition, but referred to persons belonging to a primitive society, living in an untamed state. The word itself derives from woods and forests. Later, as conflicts grew between Europeans and Indians, the word "savage" undoubtedly took on its other connotation.

The Indian was not the noble redman some like to picture him. Neither was he animal or sub human. Rather, he, like the rest of Adam's grandchildren, is simply human.

R.B.Y.
Hattiesburg, Miss.

REMEMBERING STARR

Very little is ever written about Henry Starr, the outlaw who robbed both banks in Stroud, Oklahoma at the same time.

One was Mr. Dodd's First National Bank and the other was J.B. Charles' Stroud State Bank. After Henry Starr was released from prison he came back to Stroud and made a moving picture of the bank robbery.

My father was sent word by Henry Starr that he wanted to see him one morning in Stroud. My father took me with him that morning (I do not remember the date), and we met Henry Starr at Barwigs Cafe in Stroud.

When we went in Henry Starr was waiting. He shook hands with my father and then shook hands with me and ruffled the hair on top of my head. So we sat down and had breakfast with Henry Starr.

My father had a beautiful dark bay horse with blazed face and four white feet and it was one of the

(Continued on page 65)

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ROUND-UP TIME

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is the story of the Death Waltz *that is said to have transpired at Fort Union, New Mexico, about 1860-61? Who was the woman who died? Mrs. E.G., San Diego, Cal.*

A. Harry Chatfield, president of Amerindian & Western Historical Research Assn., Denver, tells that it concerned a soldier who went to battle against the Apaches and whose sweetheart married another after he was killed. The soldier, a "Lieutenant Osgood," returned to the Fort later, during a celebration. He appeared on the dance floor, (his body in an advanced stage of decay), and swept his erstwhile sweetheart, who had been a "Miss Collins," into his arms and did a "death waltz" for the audience. The lovely charmer died of fright on the dance floor. Soldiers, sent the following day to the place where Lieutenant Osgood was supposed to have been killed in Mora Canyon, found the body as it appeared the night of the dance, decayed, and with socketless eyes staring out of the skull. The two lovers were reported to have been buried side-by-side in the Fort Union cemetery.

Q. Has there ever been a professional football team composed of American Indians? F.U.I., Feather Falls, Cal.

A. Yes, the Hominy Indians were a tri-state club (Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri) of Indians organized by Ira Hamilton, an Osage, in the early 1920's. Players consisted of Osage, Creek, Sac and Fox, Cheyennes, Seneca, Pottawatomie, Sioux and others. For their story see *Oklahoma Today,* August, 1967, by Art Shoemaker.

Q. U.S. Government statistics showed that the Navaho women who weave the beautiful rugs get an average of only 6¢ per hour for their work. Isn't this the lowest wage paid to any workers in the nation?

A. Stumps us. Anyone know of a lower hourly wage paid anyone?

Q. When did the last Texas cattle drives to Dodge City take place? M.H., Bethany Beach, Del.

A. In 1885. Drives continued to Ogallala and north to Montana, however, but went up the "National" Cattle Trail, along the Colorado-Kansas state line.

Q. Who killed Nokoni, the Comanche Indian chief who fathered Quanah Parker? V.L., Mobeetie, Texas.

A. Nokoni, who took Cynthia Ann Parker to wife and fathered two sons, Quanah and a brother, and one daughter, a babe, Prairie Flower, died a natural death while picking wild fruit on the banks of the Canadian River. He was a middle-aged man by then. It had been the story in Texas for many years that Governor Ross had slain Nokoni, but J. Evetts Haley, Texas historian, determined through Charles Goodnight that Ross had been mistaken.

Q. Where did the term "ginning" cattle come from, meaning to worry them or excite them? T.L.S., Tucson, Ariz.

A. One old cowman says the expression originated in Texas, and likened rough, young cowboys in action to the way a cotton gin tore up the cotton fibers in extracting the seeds. In cutting out cattle, or in roping calves for the branding fire, a quiet, methodical manner was preferred to get more work done without exciting the herd. There may be other meanings for this term.

Q. What causes the loud pop or snap when a blacksnake whip is cracked over the backs of teams of oxen? C.D., Tampa, Fla.

A. An Australian manufacturer of these whips states in his advertising brochure that the "cracker" on the end of the whip, because of the manner in which the whiplash is suddenly reversed, travels faster than sound. Just like the modern, fast jet-fighters, when the sound barrier is broken, a loud bang results.

Q. Was Lieutenant Caspar Collins noted for anything other than having our town named after him? W.L.H., Casper, Wyo.

A. Yes, Lieutenant Collins gave his life in an attempt to save one of his supply trains. He was something of a cartographer, and he and his father, Colonel William O. Collins are responsible for some of the early maps made of eastern Wyoming and northern Colorado. One sketch made by Caspar Collins of Fort Laramie, in 1863, and sent by his mother to her Ohio home for preservation, is a remarkably fine drawing portraying the old Fort in its latter years. The discrepancy in the spelling of your town's name and Caspar's given name is said to have resulted from a clerical error in the Post Office Department. The intent was to honor Lieutenant Collins by preserving his name in the city of Casper, Wyoming, near where he died.

Q. Following the "free range" days, what was the largest cattle pool in the West? D.J., Owensville, Mo.

A. Probably the Comanche Pool, in the old Cherokee Strip, running over into southern Kansas. It occupied 4,000 square miles, and consisted of about 84,000 head of cattle before breaking up about 1886.

Q. Is there anything remaining of old Fort Mitchell on the North Platte River in Nebraska? D.S., Colfax, Ind.

A. No. A modern highway cuts through the old location, and only the concrete memorial markers attest its former being. It is directly west of Scottsbluff, Nebraska, 2 miles, across the old Mitchell (20th Street) bridge.

Q. You were once asked what the name for the Indian cradle board was. Did you ever find out? F.F.D., Monmouth, Me.

A. Well, partially. We learned there were 750 Indian dialects spoken at one time. Each tribe had its own name for the baby cradle, such as the Ute word, "ah-ca-con." We stopped there!

Q. Were the wild Texas longhorns mean; *would they attack people on foot as claimed? D.P.P., McKeesport, Pa.*

A. "Curious," would be a better term than "mean" for the animals. One artist (Frank Reaugh) told of sitting at his easel in 1876 while surrounded by the curious animals who would flee in great distress every time he moved suddenly. However, the cows with calves could be very treacherous in their protective way, as all wild mothers are. Also, bulls in charge of females had to be watched. But normally it was said the wild longhorns of the brush fled man's presence.

Q. What were the earlier contributing factors to the opening of the barbed wire industry in the West? F.S., Woodland Hills, Cal.

A. The development of the telegraph in the late 1830's is said to have given impetus to the wire industry of that early time. Then the manufacture of hoop skirts, believe it or not, opened another market in the late 1850's and early 1860's. "Bob wire," and the telephone, took it from there. ●

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BEAR RIVER

SMITH — TWO-FISTED LAWMAN

THE ABILENE COUNCIL was assembled to hire a new marshal. The applicant, Thomas J. Smith, did not impress Mayor T. G. Henry as being a town tamer. Smith, a stockily built man of thirty, had been peace officer at Kit Carson, Colorado, before coming to Kansas. Mayor Henry gestured at the shattered window and the perforated office door. "Cowboys done that," he charged resentfully. "Texas riders that chased our last marshal out of town."

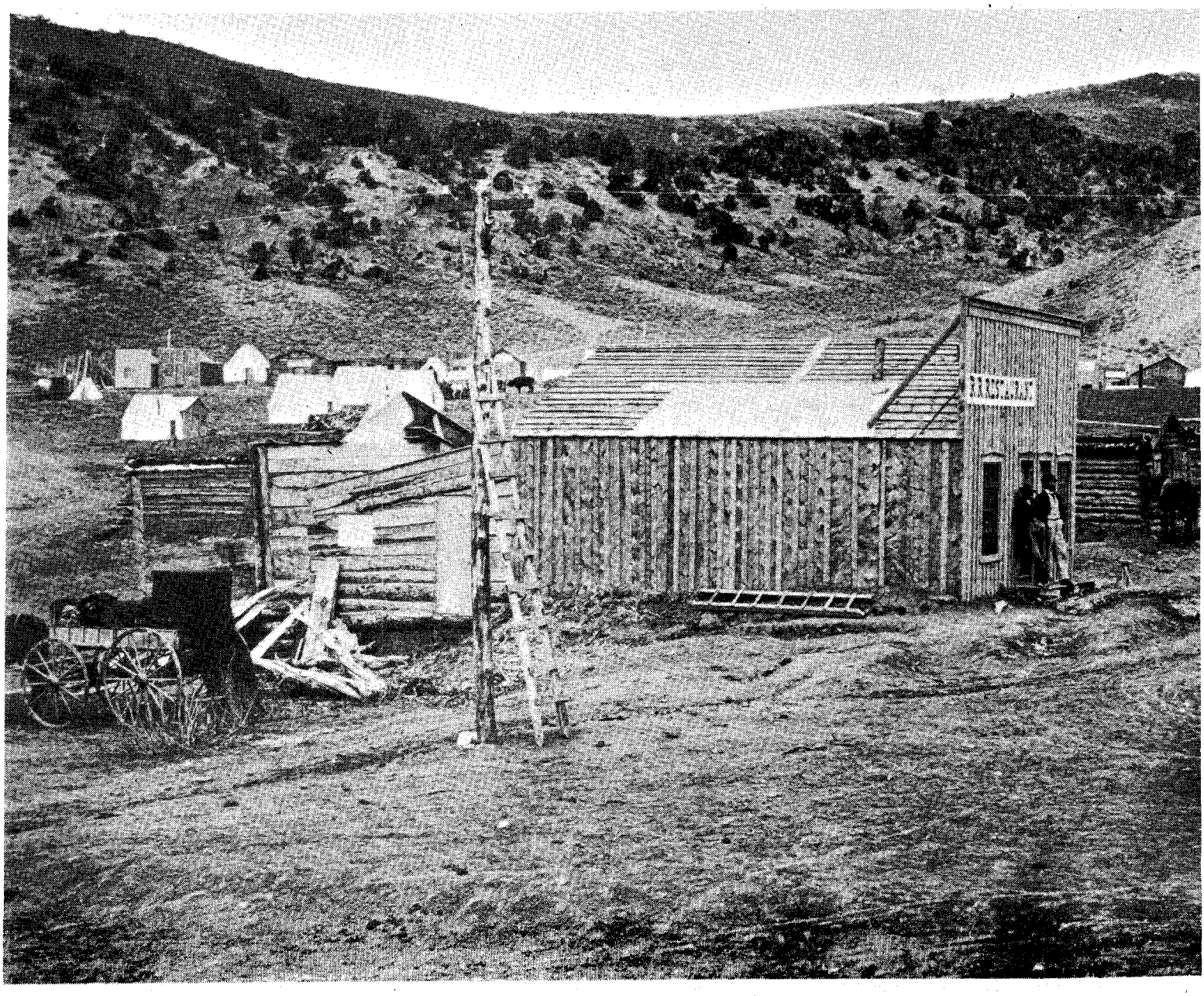
Smith gave small nods of his head to show understanding.

Henry asked: "Did you ever shoot it out with a renegade?"

"Never had to," was Smith's conclusive answer.

The mayor, a land speculator, said that homesteading was retarded by drovers' turbulence in Abilene. Farmers like a quiet community. Abilene could become such a trade center.

"Abilene is a cowtown," Joe McCoy, manager of the Drover's hotel, corrected. "Sodbusters could ruin the trail herds business that's made Abilene what it is. You want that to happen?"



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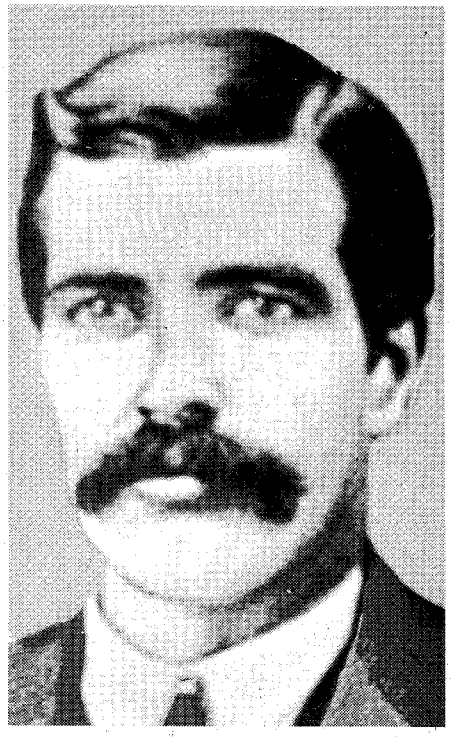
They buried him on Abilene's boothill; and the inscription reads: "Died a martyr to duty, a fearless hero of the frontier days who, in cowboy chaos, established the supremacy of the law."

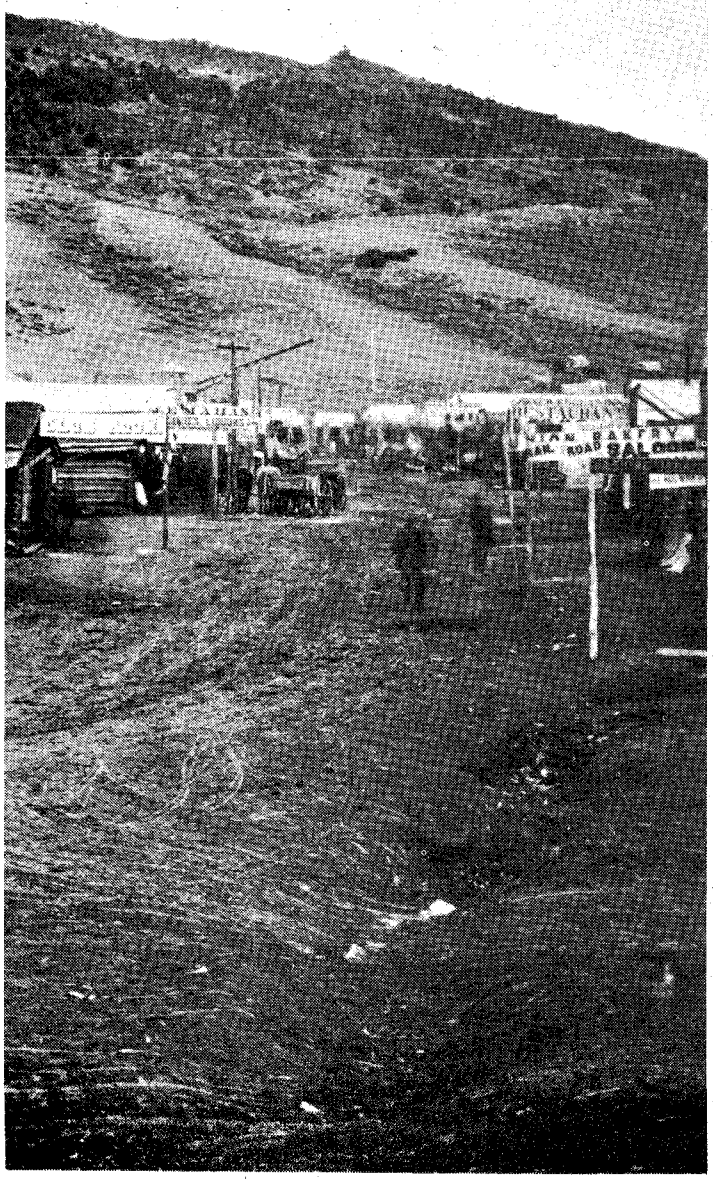
by Joe Koller

Joe Koller Photo



Thomas J. Smith, Marshal of Abilene.

Bloody riot took place in the western Wyoming town below.



Union Pacific Railroad Photo

The mayor and McCoy argued about the community's divided economic interests until Sheriff Joseph Cramer made reference to the agreement between the town marshal and the sheriff's office.

Tom Smith was hired at $150 per month and sworn in on June 4, 1870. Unknowingly, he was to pin on the badge that he was to carry the rest of his life. Smith wore a pistol in a shoulder holster. When the coat was buttoned over his broad chest it appeared that he was unarmed. He made the rounds of Abilene's saloons and pleasure spots that had to be policed. Local bruisers soon learned that Smith insisted on enforcing the town's regulations about wearing guns.

Joe McCoy, a shrewd, sanctimonious looking man with cattlemen sympathies, wondered what would happen when Smith met the gun-riders off the Chisholm Trail. When herds were sold these riders with a pocket full of pay stormed into town in celebrative moods; and they were the mainstay of the Alamo, Bull Head, and Long Horn saloons.

The first time the street echoed with gun talk Marshal Smith came galloping into view on his white horse. He reined up alongside the drunk offender and reminded him of the local law. The rider with the gun leaned toward Smith as if asking for a repeat of the statement. There was no repeat. Smith's fist landed like a rock on the offender's stubbled chin and the swaying figure toppled out of the saddle. Smith took possession of the pistol and led the dazed man off to jail.

Mayor Henry told McCoy that Smith's wage would be upped to $250 if he could handle the job as well as he handled that situation.

"That was Paul Panhandle's wagon cook," McCoy reminded. "When them cowhands get wind of this they'll come a foggin' into town after him."

Panhandle, a drover from Texas, clattered into town ahead of a dozen riders. McCoy pointed out where the cook was held prisoner. The lock was shot off of the jail and the rescued cook was sent back to camp on a horse. Pistols rendered a cowboys' salute as the riders milled in the street and finally hitched mounts to lap it up at the saloons.

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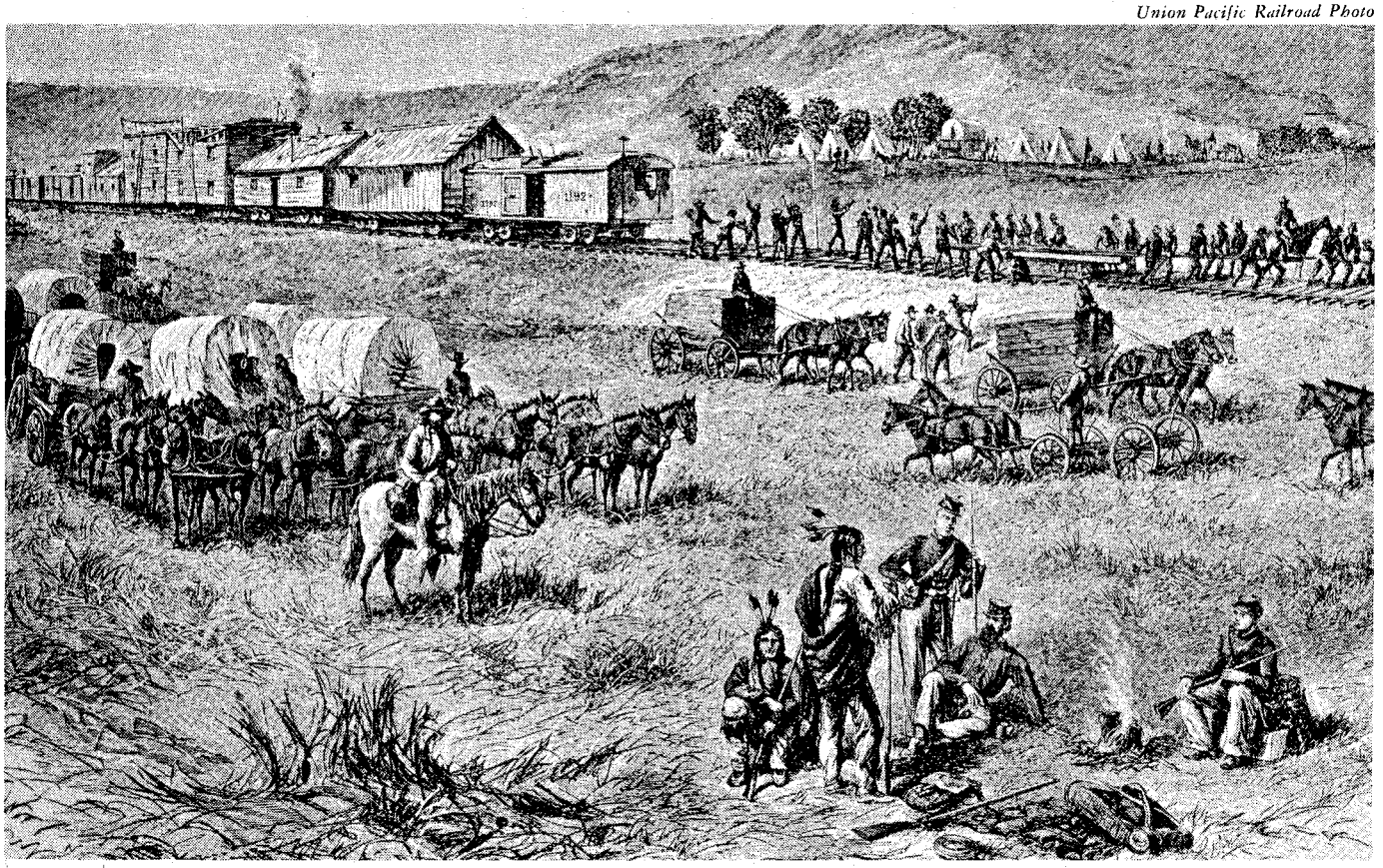
Union Pacific Railroad Photo



The advanced camp, "Hell on wheels," moved up track day by day with the construction crews.

Tom Smith came up the plank walk with determined strides. He met McCoy and Paul Panhandle in front of the Bull Head; and McCoy introduced the drover to Abilene's new marshal.

Smith explained the gun ruling. "I'll take your shooter until you head out again."

"You will not," was Panhandle's retort, and he stepped back a pace for more freedom of draw action.

As he did so Smith advanced a step and let go with a right fist to the drover's mouth, a punch to the stomach, and followed it up with a smash to the lank jaw. Paul Panhandle crumpled under the attack. Like most riders, Panhandle was a gun-fighter, not an undignified brawler. Marshal Smith had the trailboss' weapon in hand when the cowboys crowded out of swinging doors. They were both surprised and shocked at Panhandle's plight.

"Leave your shooters with the bartender," Smith ordered, "until you ride back to camp. That's the law in Abilene."

The men obeyed the order. Panhandle was taken to jail where he paid a fine before being released. The council raised Smith's wage to $250.

Peaceful operation became a fact in Abilene. More homesteaders shipped in to establish farm homes. This soon developed into a bad situation between crop growers and stockmen.

In town there was still a faction that wanted to go back to the roaring, explosive days that existed before Tom Smith became marshal. Eventually the taciturn lawman was identified by a citizen from Cheyenne. "He's 'Bear River' Smith," the man told McCoy. "Smith of the bloody Bear River riot. Man, he's legend on the Union Pacific."

THOMAS JAMES SMITH, an Irish-American, was born in 1840 in New York. To his Catholic schooling was added rookie training on the city's police force. A love affair caused Smith to abandon his career and join Irish immigrants bound for jobs on the Union Pacific railroad in Wyoming. Smith became strawboss of the crew.

The Irishmen, for the most part, having no understanding of money, were easily victimized by unscrupulous dealers

Joe Koller Photo

Mayor Joseph G. McCoy had his *differences with Thomas Smith.*

with the "Hell on wheels" camp that moved on flat cars with the crews. Every new camp had its whiskey peddlers and sin traps that appealed to the workers. Troops at Fort D. A. Russell chased the undesirables out of Cheyenne City when that camp became capitol of Wyoming Territory.

Some of these enterprising outcasts organized a wagon train and headed west to start their own town in the mountains and have it booming by the time the Union Pacific arrived. This town was Bear River. Its location was eleven miles south-east of the present Evanston, Wyoming. These opportunists discovered a deserted tie-cutting camp near the Overland Trail and took it over. Houses were built. A rugged front street took form in *(Continued on page 48)*

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CAPTAIN DODD RETRIEVED EBEY'S HEAD

Charles Dodd was probably the only American white man to engage in a (local) head hunting expedition...

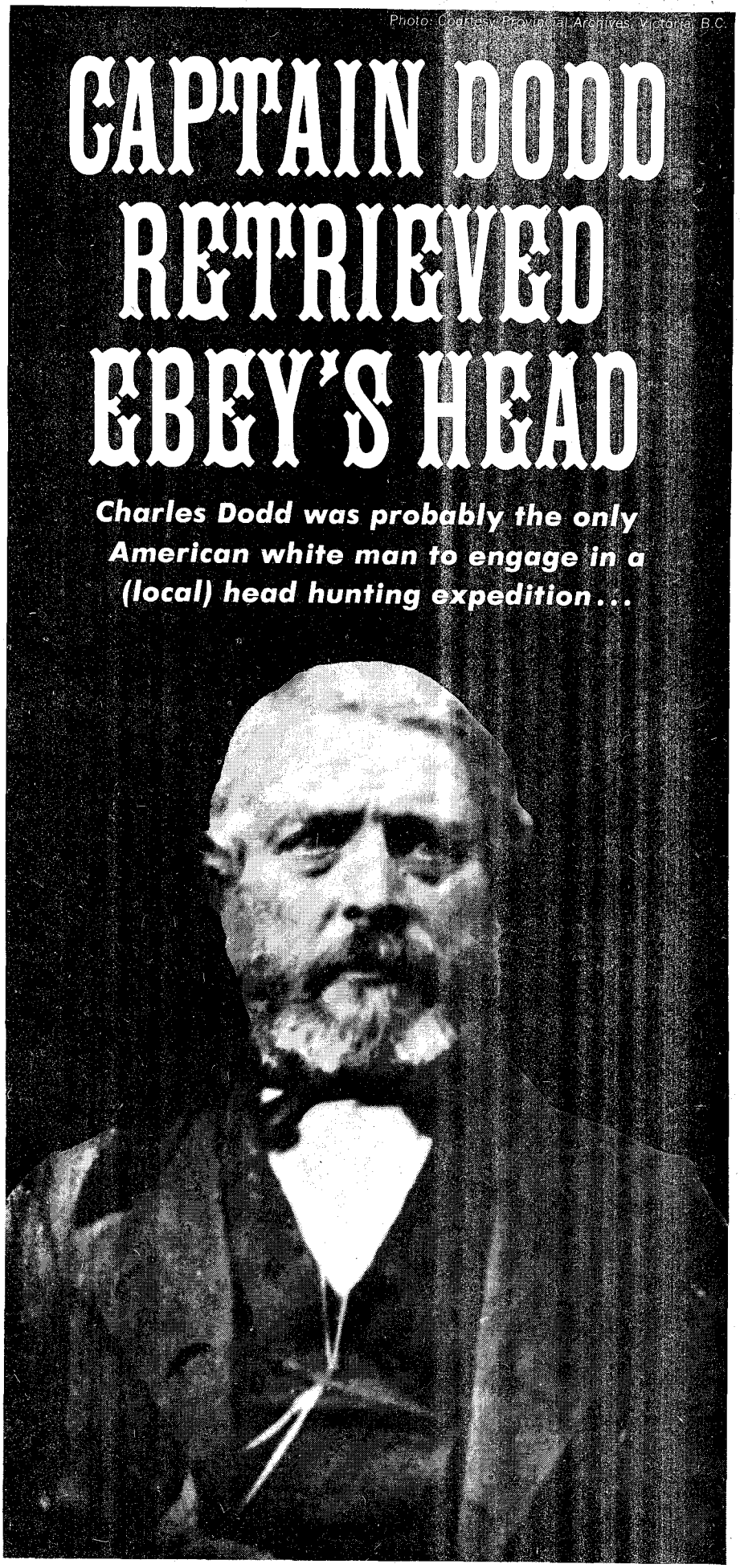

Photo: Courtesy Provincial Archives, Victoria, B.C.

Captain Charles Dodd; he heard of celebration at Kake village...

by Ruth M. Herberg

CHARLES DODD, CHIEF FACTOR for the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Victoria, was aghast when the word came that his friend, Colonel Ebey, had been murdered by an Indian war party.

"Tlingits?" he asked. It was more a statement than a question, for Dodd was well aware of the ferocity and cruelty of that northern tribe.

The atrocity was almost unbelievable. A large war canoe, carrying upwards of a hundred Tlingits, had stealthily approached Colonel Ebey's home on Whidbey Island, and ruthlessly murdered him. With fiendish efficiency they had cut off his head and under cover of darkness had carried off their grisly trophy. His body had been left lying across the doorstep of his house. That his wife and children escaped annihilation was a near miracle. It can be explained only by the fact that the Indians had wanted only the head of the man they had been told was a "Great Tyee," or chief.

No wonder Captain Dodd was stunned. Colonel Ebey was his friend of long standing. In those early days on Puget Sound there was no line of demarcation between "King George men" and "Boston men," so far as friendship was concerned. Loyalties were as great and strong as the spirit of adventure that had brought these resolute men to this far corner of the West.

Colonel Ebey and Captain Dodd were also nearly the same age. Frequent trips between Port Townsend, where Ebey was the first U.S. Customs Inspector, and Victoria, strengthened their friendship. In those days it was optimistically believed that Port Townsend would become the principal city on Puget Sound. Later, of course, Seattle took over this title, as well as the duties of the Port of Entry. Colonel Ebey frequently crossed the 10 miles or so between Port Townsend and Whidbey in a canoe. His home on Whidbey is still known as "Ebey's Prairie." From Port Townsend, on a clear day, one can see across the Strait of Juan de Fuca the site of Old Fort Victoria, which is now the City of Victoria.

The horror of the cold blooded murder shook the whole area. As in all such cases, rumors flew. Captain Dodd himself had seen a war canoe being paddled swiftly northward, but had attached no significance to the occurrence. So common were canoes, that the whole Puget Sound and Queen Charlotte Sound area was known as the "Canoe Country."

For a time it was not known what particular group of Indians was the perpetrator of the gruesome deed, but one clue seemed worth pursuing. The Kake Indians, a sub-tribe of the Tlingits, tra-

(Continued on page 62)

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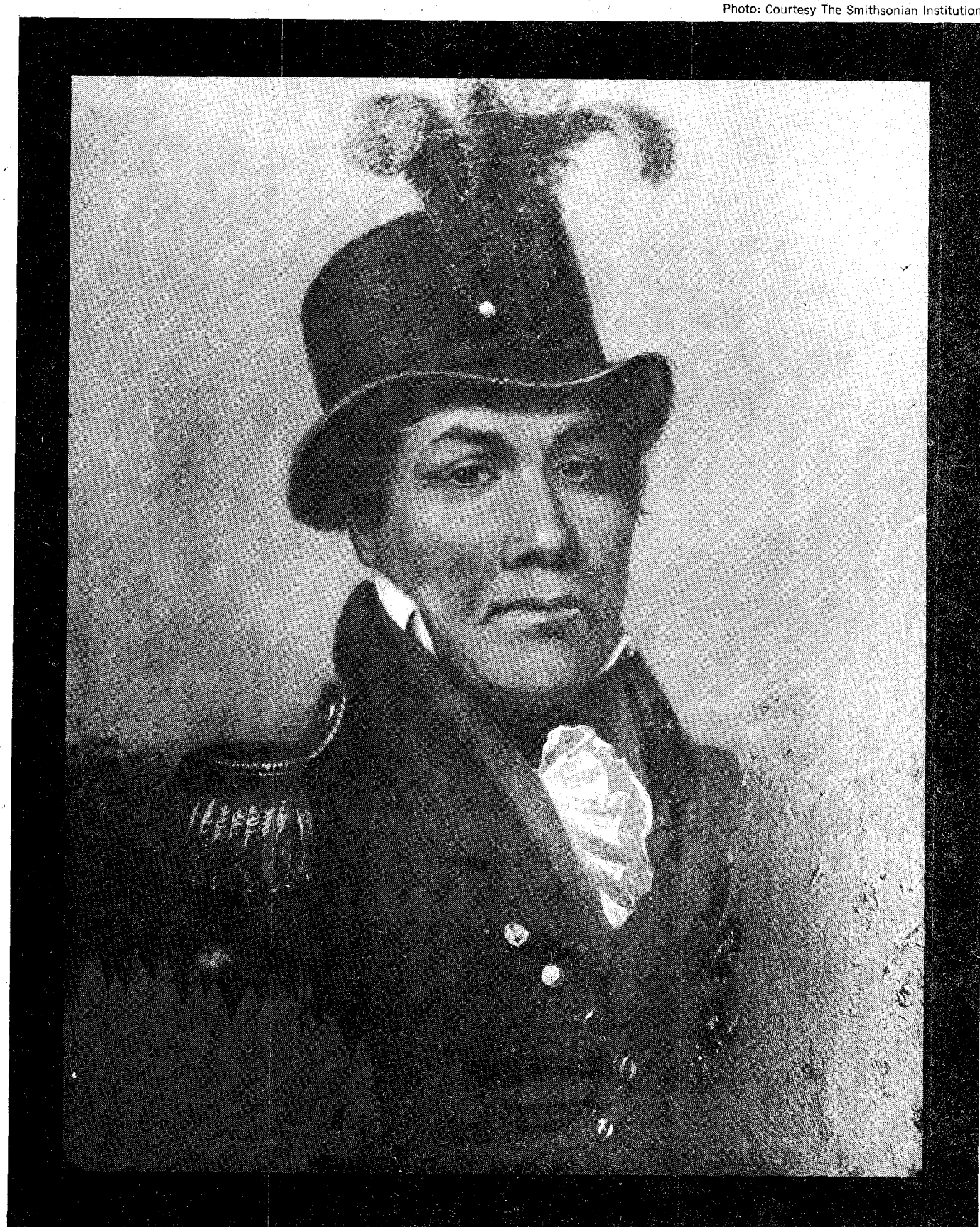
GREAT CHIEF OF

Photo: Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution.



Pushmataha, Choctaw chief and warrior, officer in U.S. Army. Painting by Charles Bird King, 1824.

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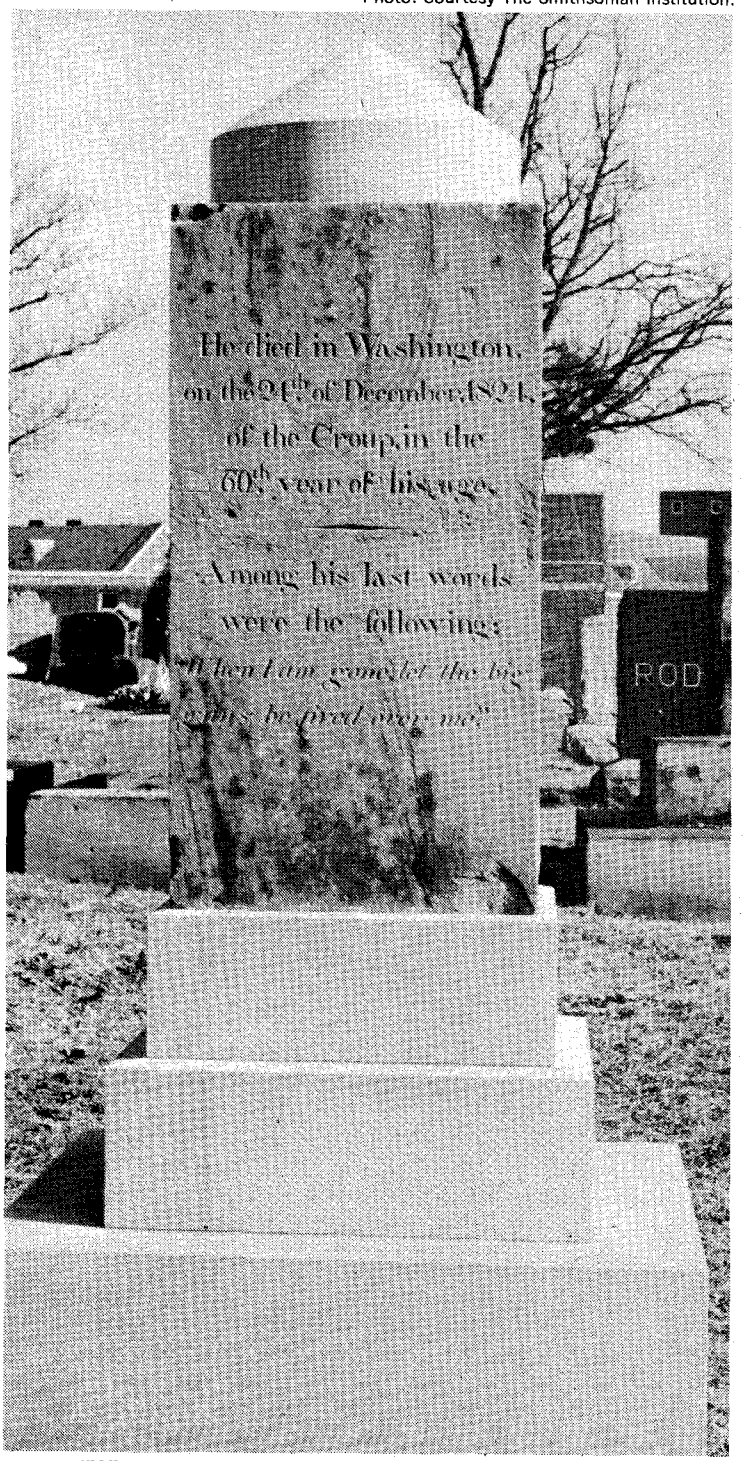
THE CHOCTAWS

This great chief was one of the few Indians who came to terms with the fast changing cultures; he was intelligent and interested in the world at large; he had dignity and self respect and a fiery temper, as the soldier who insulted the chief's wife found out...

Photo: Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution.



"When I am gone, let big guns be fired over me," reads carving on Pushmataha's tombstone.

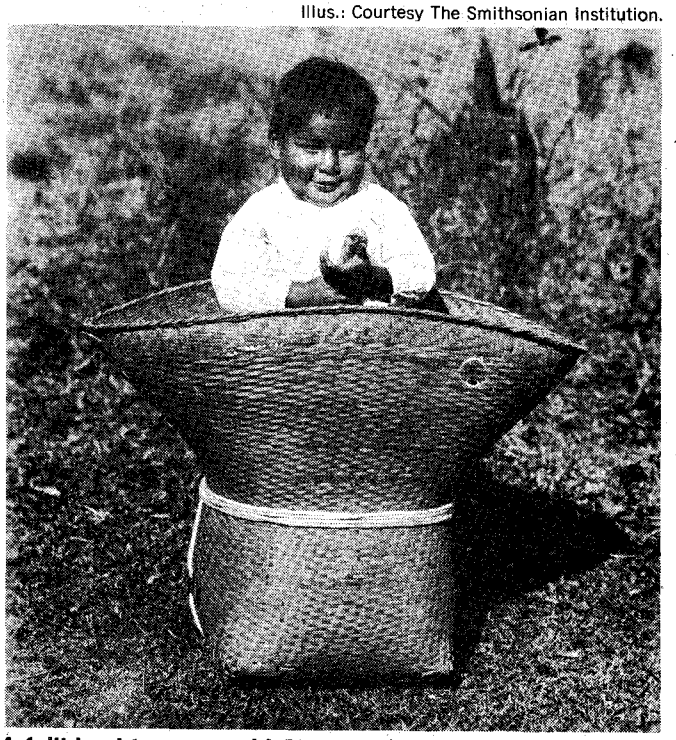
by Wilma Colson Hanna

CHIEF PUSHMATAHA OF THE Six Towns division of the Choctaw Indians in Mississippi was more than a chief. He was a statesman, a humanitarian and an eloquent speaker. Although his name means "brave warrior" he preferred to live in peace with his fellowman. He trusted the Americans, especially General Andrew Jackson who called him "Brother Push." He was a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army when he fought with General Jackson in the War of 1812. Later he also fought with Jackson in the war against the Upper Creek Indians.

The Choctaws fought beside the Americans during the Revolution and to this day they are proud of the fact that they always fought alongside them, never against them.

One time during the War of 1812 while the army was resting in camp after a fierce battle, the officers' wives visited their husbands. Among them was Mrs. Pushmataha. One of the white soldiers treated her with the disrespect he considered due an Indian woman. When Pushmataha learned of it he knocked the soldier down with the hilt of his sword. When the commanding officer asked why he did it Pushmataha said, "He insulted my wife... but if you, General, had insulted her as that common soldier did, I would have *(Continued on page 55)*

Illus.: Courtesy The Smithsonian Institution.



A fullblood two-year-old Choctaw boy standing in a carrying basket. He is holding a pigeon.

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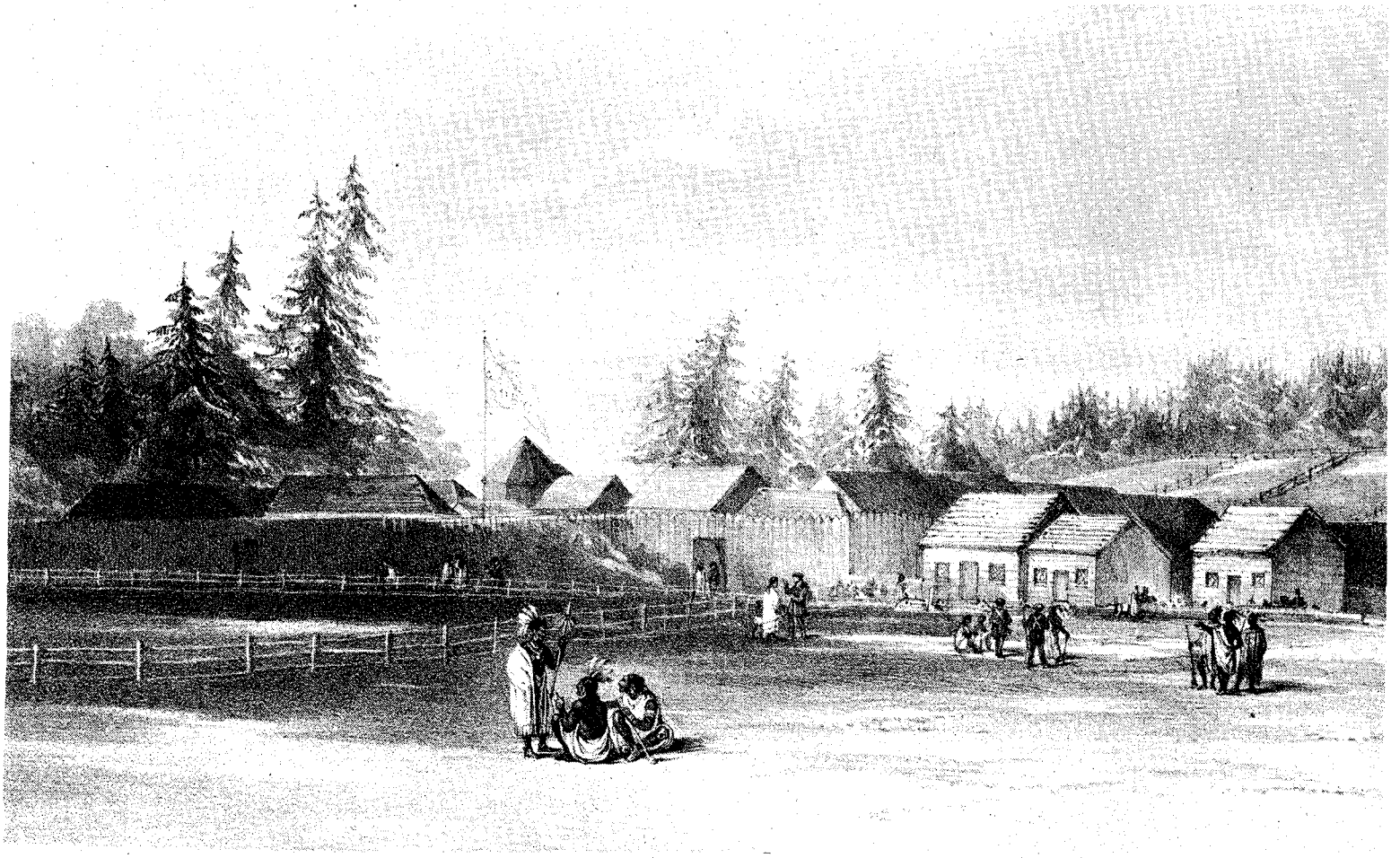
SAM GRANT ON

Grant waited for transportation at Cruces with the soldiers and their wives and children, and cholera broke out. About one-third of his charges died—a harrowing experience for him—a terrible time for all concerned

Illus.: Courtesy Library of Congress.



Fort Vancouver on Columbia River; Grant loved wild and beautiful country but longed for his family.

by Joan Kyllo

NO MATTER HOW FAMILIAR names like Ulysses S. Grant, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, William Tecumseh Sherman, Phillip Sheridan, and George B. McClellan may be, they are rarely associated with the so-called Winning of the West. Yet, before these men rose to fame in the Civil War they (and many of their fellow officers as well) saw service beyond the Missouri.

U. S. "Uncle Sam" Grant, for example, was stationed for two years on the west coast; years that were to have no little bearing on his future life, for it was in California that, discontented and possibly *persona non grata* with his commanding officer, he resigned from the army and headed back east to seven frustrating years of farming, a fling in the real estate business, and clerking in one of his father's leather goods stores before the outbreak of the War between the States.

Like most of the other high officers in that conflict Grant, too, had known active duty in the Mexican War, serving under both Scott and Taylor. Upon arriving home in the summer of 1848 he married twenty-two year old Julia Dent, daughter of a St. Louis slaveholder, and spent the following three and a half years at Sackett's Harbor, New York, and at Fort Wayne, Detroit, Michigan.

In the spring of 1852 Grant, then a thirty-year-old first lieutenant, was ordered, with his regiment (the 4th Infantry) to the Pacific coast. Bidding goodby to Julia and their small son Frederick, who, for the time being, were to remain with Grant's parents at Bethel, Ohio, he boarded the steamship *Ohio* off Governor's Island, New York. On July 5th sailed with eight companies of the regiment for the Isthmus of Panama. It turned out to be a disastrous trip all around and one that Grant was to remember vividly for years.

To begin with, he had been disturbed all along by this assignment that meant at least temporary separation from his family. Willing himself into a state of stoic submission to his lot was not proving easy

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THE WEST COAST

Illus.: Courtesy Library of Congress.

U.S. (Sam) Grant; handsome officer is far cry from later cigar-smoking image.

as the side-wheeler churned southwards into tropical waters. Conditions aboard ship were hardly of a tranquilizing nature either. For some reason, it had not been decided until the last minute that the 4th (over seven hundred individuals, including the families of some of the men) was to board the *Ohio*, and their addition to the regular passenger list crowded the old steamer to the bursting point. Hot, muggy weather came on, increasing the discomfort twofold.

Mrs. Delia Sheffield, accompanying her sergeant husband to his new post in the Oregon country, noticed how Sam Grant walked the deck "every day and the early part of each night... smoking, silent and solitary." Once he pointed out to her some whales that were following the boat. After a few days, Grant was often joined in his perambulations by the *Ohio's* commander, Finley Schenck, who engaged him in "discussing such matters as came up from time to time.

"The quiet, undemonstrative lieutenant impressed Schenck as being a man of rather uncommon intelligence.

"What his mind took hold of," he noted, "it grasped strongly and thoroughly digested."

Commanding the 4th at this time was one Benjamin Louis Eulalie Bonneville, whose earlier exploits as a western explorer had been well-publicized by Washington Irving. The fifty-six year old Bonneville, a one-time protege of his father's friend, Thomas Paine, was accused of harboring a "testy temper," not to mention his dismissal by one pert little woman as being "a very stupid man mentally."

Schenck observed that Bonneville's uncertain actions gave cause for disagreements; disagreements which were frequently carried to Sam Grant (as he was known in the army) for settlement.

"I tell you, fellows, how we will settle this," announced one officer after a lengthy and heated dispute. "Let's go... and refer the whole matter to long-headed Sam, and whatever may be his decision we will abide by it." (That's how and what they thought of Sam Grant.)

Reaching the Isthmus during the height of the rainy season, they discovered the streets of Aspinwall, the point of their debarkation, to be under eight to ten inches of water, with pedestrians getting about by means of raised sidewalks. At intervals the rain poured down in torrents, succeeded in a short while by the blazing sun. Grant wondered out loud "how any person could live many months in Aspinwall, and wondered still more why anyone tried."

At that time the Panama Railroad was not completed and part of the overland journey to Panama City, on the Pacific, was made in riverboats poled along by natives, and on muleback.

Grant was quartermaster for the regiment and as such had his hands full. While most of the regiment was sent on ahead Grant, with one company was detailed as escort to those soldiers accompanied by their families, and the baggage, equipage, and stores of the little army moved up the Chagres River to Cruces. Here, according to the contract with the steamship concern, they were supposed to find transportation for the remainder of the trip. However, as Grant complained in disgust, "... there was not a mule, either for pack or saddle, in the place!"

The days they were stranded here awaiting the promised animals grew into "... a time that tried the soul of quartermaster Grant." For, to tragically complicate matters, cholera broke out. To preserve the lives of as many as possible, Grant ordered the one company with him to proceed to Panama "... and I was left alone with the sick and the soldiers who had families... About one-third of the people with me died, either at Cruces or on the way to Panama."

Described as being "one of the coolest men in all these trying emergencies I ever

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Illus.: Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society.

Mrs. Grant and two eldest children, Frederick D. and Ulysses S., Jr., 1854.

saw," Grant finally took matters into his own hands and arranged with a native to get his charges through to the coast, a harrowing journey for both the sick and the well in the steamy heat, over roads of seemingly bottomless mud, where monkeys screeched from the jungle shadows, and people died—to be quickly buried along the wayside.

Once on board the steamer *Golden Gate*, in Panama Bay, there was a further delay to let the cholera die down. Altogether they spent around six weeks on, or near, the Isthmus.

Recorded Grant: "About one-seventh of those who left New York Harbor with the 4th Infantry . . . now lie buried on the Isthmus of Panama or on Flamingo Island in Panama Bay." Included was Major John Gore, one of Grant's closest friends in the army.

Those who lived through that nightmare with Grant had high praise for the endurance and efficiency of the slim young quartermaster. "Seldom sleeping, and then only two or three hours at a time . . . He seemed to take a personal interest in each sick man. He was like a ministering angel to us all."

He did not write much to Julia about it afterwards, but did say that "the horrors of the road, in the rainy season, are beyond description." He was too thankful for words that she and his little son Fred had not had to make that terrible crossing.

While they were still anchored in Panama Bay Grant ran into a lieutenant named Slaughter who was in a predicament that was no joke to the lieutenant but did have its amusing side as far as the regimental quartermaster was concerned. The unfortunate Slaughter was prey to all but constant seasickness.

"It almost made him sick to see the wave of a tablecloth when the servants were spreading it," declared Grant.

Young Slaughter had had his troubles. Not long after his graduation he had been ordered to California and had taken passage on a sailing vessel bound for a voyage around Cape Horn. Seven endless months they were on the seas and "Slaughter was sick every moment of the time, never more so than while lying at anchor after reaching his place of destination."

Upon setting foot on solid ground in California he found orders to the effect that a mistake had been made in assigning him to the coast; he should have been sent to the Great Lakes!

Home again went poor Slaughter, this time by way of the Isthmus shortcut, and equally as much a victim of *mal de mer* as before. Arriving in the east he was met with another set of orders which—you guessed it—sent him back to California! Hence this was his third trip and Grant averred that "he was as sick as ever."

Seated with his elbows on the table in front of him Slaughter lamented dolefully one day: "I wish I had taken my father's advice; he wanted me to go into the navy; if I had done so, I should not have had to go to sea so much."

Given a short leave when they hove to at a San Francisco wharf early in September, Grant found the boom town to be a "lively place," with new buildings going up right and left, the streets full of adventurers of every kind and nationality, and miners streaming in from the diggings, bent on "having a time."

After first being stationed at Benicia Barracks north of San Francisco for several weeks, the regiment then removed, via steamship, to Columbia Barracks, Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River in what was then Oregon Territory. There where, as Lloyd Lewis, one of Grant's biographers, put it, "Spruce and fir towered over the river and Mount Hood towered over the spruce and fir."

During the following winter the region split in two, politically speaking, and Fort Vancouver wound up in Washington Territory, just across the river from the little town of Portland, Oregon.

Awaiting Grant was an old West Point chum, Rufus Ingalls, and the two of them took up quarters in a two-story frame house. He liked this wild and beautiful country and wrote to Julia that he thought he would enjoy being there more than at any other place at which he had been located—if only she were with him. Always very much of a family man, he longed desperately to bring his wife and the two children out, but saw no way of accomplishing this on his army pay. Ulysses the Second had been born while his father was struggling across the Isthmus.

The price of goods was so high on the coast, Grant told Julia, that "I could not possibly keep house here for less than about one hundred & fifty dollars per month aside from all expenses of clothing, etc."

Many officers were making ends meet only because authority had been given them to purchase supplies from the commissary at New Orleans wholesale prices. A cook, said Grant, could not be hired for the wages of a captain. "The cook could do better." (Which is an old story.)

In view of this inflation Grant began

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moonlighting activities which were to mark the remainder of his stay on the coast. Hearing that one could almost command one's own price in the San Francisco ice market, Grant, with Ingalls and their friend Henry Wallen, engaged in a venture that saw one hundred tons of ice sent by schooner to San Francisco. The schooner was set back by headwinds, and took six weeks to reach the bay city. It arrived just in time to edge in amongst shiploads of ice from Alaska. The market was glutted.

Still game, Grant and Wallen bought hogs and cattle from settlers and shipped them off to San Francisco. This business was continued until, admitted Wallen, "both of us lost all the money we had. He (Grant) was the perfect soul of honor and truth, and believed everyone was as artless as himself."

In the spring the two men, in company with a couple of other officers, bought a team, broke ground rented from the Hudson's Bay Company, and went to raising potatoes and grain. Trousers stuffed in his boots, Grant walked along sowing oats "from a sheet tied about his neck and shoulders," and dreamed of realizing "something handsome" at harvest time. As ill luck would have it, everybody else had the same idea, so when the Columbia flooded and destroyed much of their crop they were not as discouraged as they might have been had they previously been assured of a corner on the market.

There was also an unsuccessful attempt to "buy up all the chickens within twenty miles of Vancouver," and ship them to the all devouring maw of San Francisco, but "nearly all the chickens died on the voyage..."

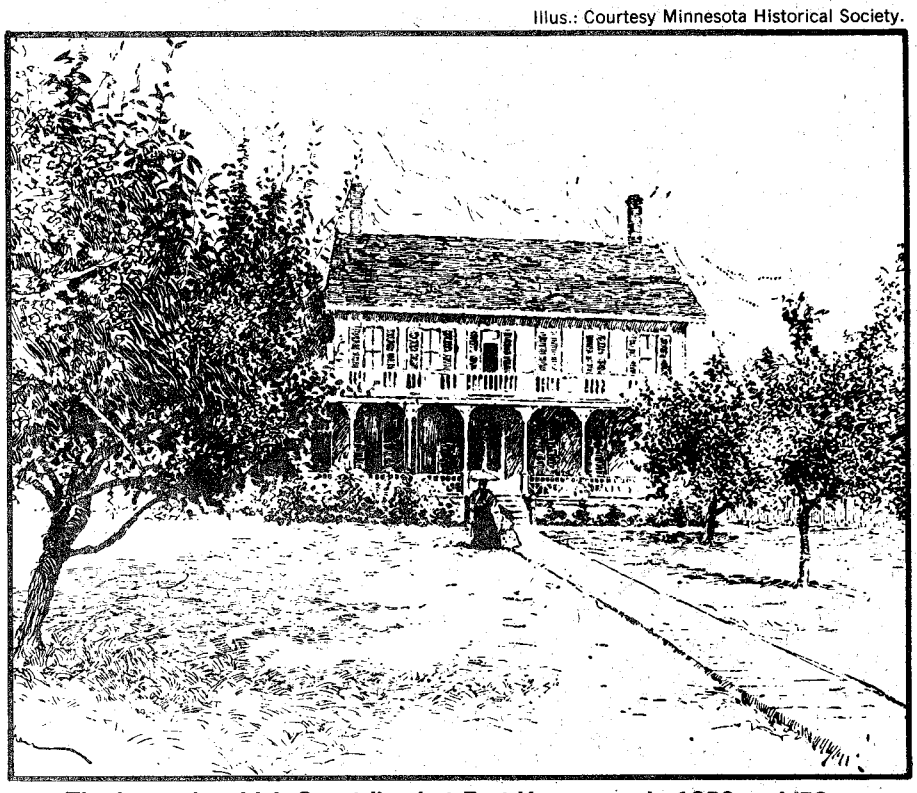
Another time it was a scheme to sell wood to the steamboats for "which I get $2.50 per cord more than it cost me to get it out," and later, the renting of a San Francisco hotel to be converted into a sort of club and billiard room.

Despite all the money, work, and fervent hopes that Grant devoted to these projects all came to naught. Julia, now living with the Dents on their farm near St. Louis, perforce remained there. Restless and homesick, with the prospects of having Julia and the boys with him rising high only to wane again, the state of melancholy came more and more to live with Grant.

"He was one of the kindest and best men I ever knew," commented a friend of those days. But "...he seemed always sad; that is, he never seemed jovial and hearty, like most officers."

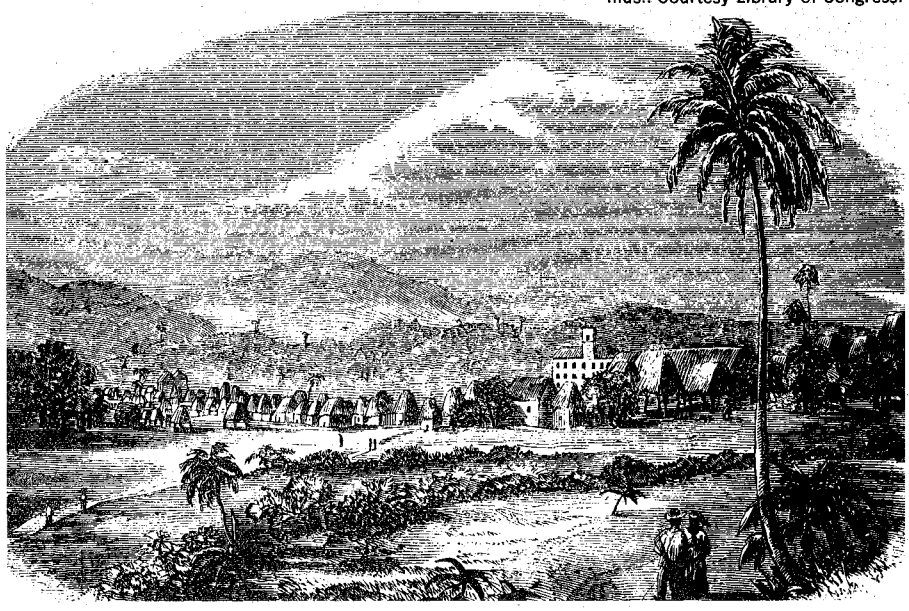
In time, after Rufus Ingalls was transferred to another post, Delia Sheffield and her husband moved in with Grant and she remembered him pacing back and forth on the long front porch, "thinking and smoking and walking for hours at a time; or he would order his horse and ride for a half day in the woods or along the Columbia River."

Illus.: Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society.



The house in which Grant lived at Fort Vancouver in 1852 and '53.

Illus.: Courtesy Library of Congress.



Cruces, Panama, where future President was surrounded by cholera victims.

Once Julia wrote urging him not to ride out alone lest the Indians get him. Grant replied soothingly: "Those about here are the most harmless people you ever saw. It is really my opinion that the whole race would be harmless and peaceable if they were not put upon by the whites."

During his tour of duty on the coast the 4th was free from Indian wars. Grant had not been there long before becoming aware that the plight of the natives along the Columbia, through their association with the growing white population, was a miserable one. Not only had they acquired many of the vices of the white man but also his diseases.

Measles and small-pox were swift and deadly killers, decimating the remnants of the tribes around Fort Vancouver. In many instances, the high mortality rate was due to the Indians treating the victims of these maladies to steam baths followed by a dousing in the cold waters of a nearby stream. To ease the suffering of the natives a hospital was set up in a Hudson's Bay building just a stone's throw from Grant's quarters, where a doctor managed to save many that otherwise would likely have succumbed.

As Grant moodily explored what William Cullen Bryant had once called "the continuous woods/ Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound/ Save his own

(Continued on page 53)

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First settlers of Hall County, Nebraska, 1857, present at the Quarter Centennial, 1882.

COURAGE OF THE GRAND ISLAND PEOPLE

OFFICIALLY, JULY 4th is Independence Day throughout the U.S.A.; but in Grand Island, Nebraska, it is doubly celebrated. It is a day to pay tribute to the thirty-five emigrants who, upon July 4th, 1857, disembarked at Platte Valley, a vast expanse of wilderness in central Nebraska and founded a settlement which they named Grand Island.

For centuries prior to 1857 the area had been inhabited by the Sioux, the Pawnee and Cheyenne tribes who had enjoyed the freedom of the forested, fruitful valley and rivers. These tribes had fared sumptuously on the fruits of nature. The valley teemed with deer, elk, antelope, buffalo and various species of small feathered and furred wildlife. These belligerent tribes waged war on each other and settled their differences by tribal law. Then came the white man.

Hemmed in on all sides by waterways, the Platte Valley is more or less an island. Bordered on the north by the Loup River and on the south by the North Platte, the two streams intersect at the east end of the island. Here, at the intersection, the 35 emigrants, including women and children, founded their settlement. Since railroads had not yet made their advent in central Nebraska and steamboats were the only mode of transportation, all needful items and commodities arrived by boat from Omaha.

During the winter of 1856, A. H. Barrows, who was affiliated with the Chubb Brothers and Barrows' banking concern in Washington, D.C. worked out an idea to open Platte Valley to homesteaders. He visited William Stolley, a native of Germany, who, with a party of Germans, had come to America to escape military service in their homeland. Upon their arrival in America they took up residence in Davenport, Iowa.

During his visit with Mr. Stolley, Mr. Barrows outlined his plans concerning the founding of a settlement in central Nebraska. His proposal was approved by Stolley and thirty other Germans along with five Americans who agreed upon conditions set forth in the contract which stated that each settler was to homestead three hundred and twenty acres of land plus ten city lots.

To encourage settlement of a colony, Barrows and his wealthy associates, including a few Washington officials, agreed to finance the project and provide provisions for the

Neither Indian wars, prairie fires nor grasshopper plagues

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Author's Photos

Early settlers gathered in front of the OK Store, one of the first in Grand Island.

duration of the first year, or until the settlers were financially able to pay their own way.

The Barrows unit of Davenport, Iowa, was known as the Town Company. According to the terms of the contract, each homesteader, at the expiration of the first year, was to deed one half his acreage to the Town Company as full payment for his 160 acres and ten city lots and year's supply of provisions. This arrangement seemed fair enough and on July 4th, 1857, the thirty-five potential homeseekers arrived in the Platte Valley and founded Grand Island.

Immediately upon their arrival in the wilderness this band of men and women felled trees, hewed logs for building and cleared land for their initial crops. By September, the residents were comfortably housed in four log houses, each 14 x 33 feet. Fifty acres of land was ready for planting.

September 1st the Town Company ordered a shipment of provisions sent from Omaha to tide the settlement through the long cold winter. Unfortunately, hampered by low water in the Missouri and high water of the Loup, the provisions failed to arrive as per schedule and the colonists were forced to exist on short rations until late in January, 1858. Isolated as Grand Island was, the settlement was dependent on Omaha for supplies. Such items as soap and candles were exhausted long before the shipment arrived.

However, there was no danger of starvation, nor was there any shortage of fuel. With deer and other wildlife at large in the valley meat was plentiful. And during the clearing of the acreage each family had cut and ricked cords of wood from the surplus branches. The kitchen of each home boasted a wide fireplace and during the long cold nights a great backlog burned continuously. This not only provided heat for the homes but cooking for the family as well.

Pots and kettles hung over the fire from a great iron crane that spanned the fireplace. Savory odors of steaming food, soup, meat and vegetables whetted the appetites of these thrifty, hard-working families. Also the flames of the old fireplace served as lights during the shortage of candles.

HEAVY snows, blizzards and violent winds prevailed during the long winter months. On January 8th, 1858, just six months after the settlement was founded and provisions were daily growing shorter, the stork was expected to pay a visit at the William Stier home. Disaster struck that day. The homes of William Stier and Henry Schoel burned to the ground.

Immediately new homes were built for the unfortunate families; and on March 3rd the Stier baby, the first white child born in Grand Island, arrived and was duly named Nellie.

Twice the little settlement suffered shock when death claimed two of its number, Fred Vatje and Fred Dell who committed suicide. Dell shot himself and Vatje took strychnine. Before the end of 1858 the five American settlers left Grand Island and returned to their former homes in Davenport, Iowa. Now the settlement was strictly a German colony.

On July 5th, just a year after the first settlers arrived, twenty new settlers moved in with ten teams of horses, twenty yoke oxen, cows and other livestock along with a goodly supply of implements necessary to farming. Now farming began in a big way in the Platte Valley.

The valley was exceedingly fertile and all crops thrived and produced abundantly. Corn, *(Continued on page 52)*

could make the determined Islanders cry quits **by Nelle Merwin**

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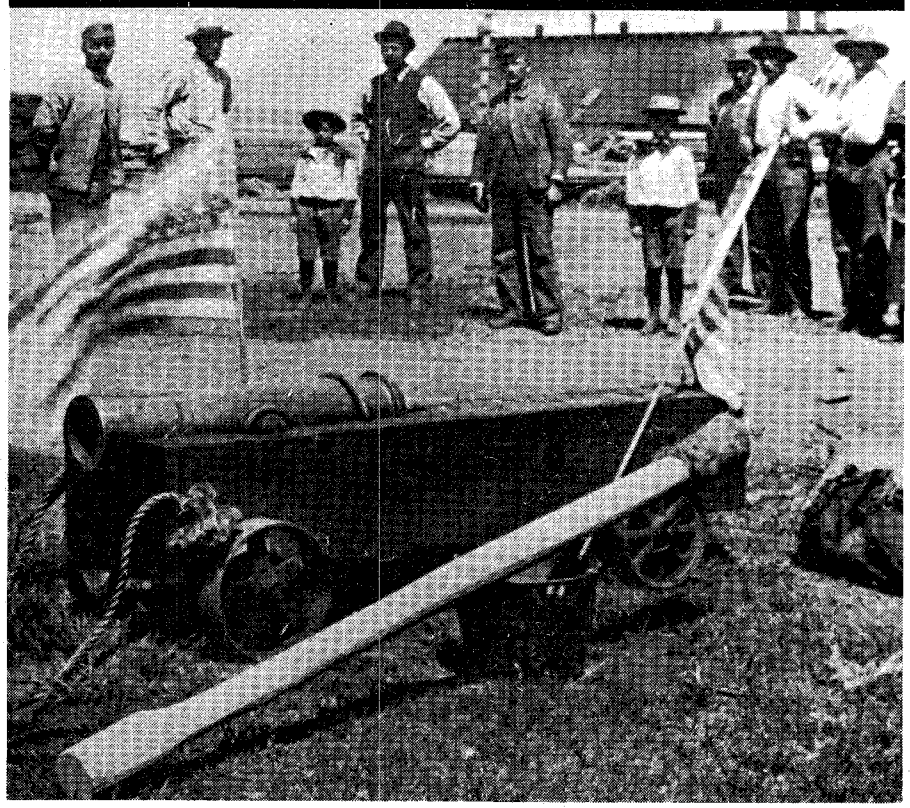
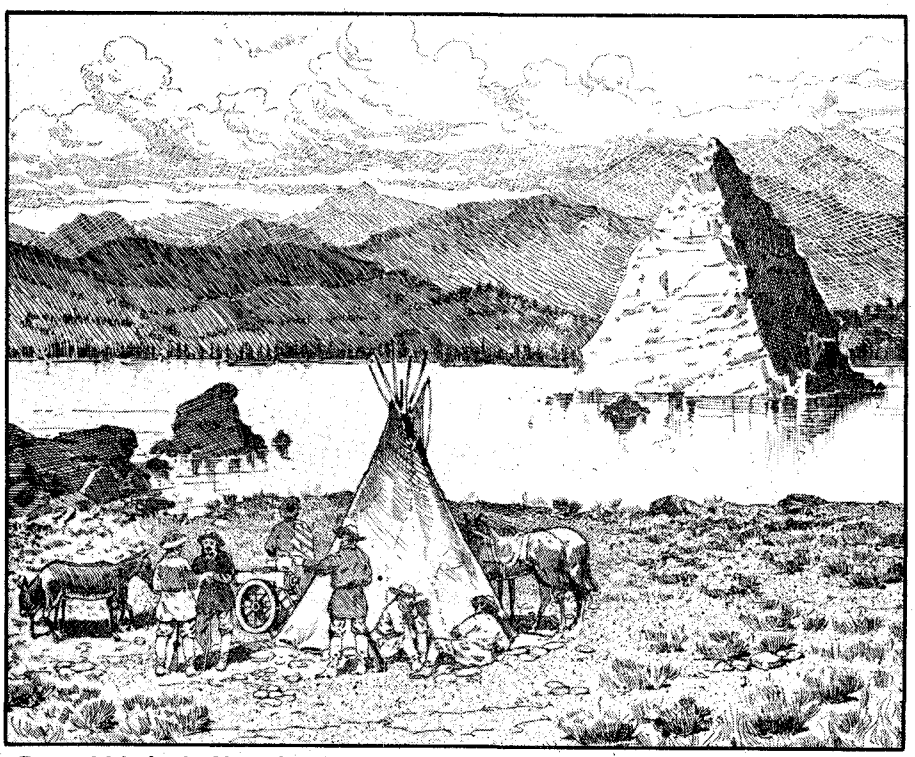
The bad feeling generated between California and Nevada over that vexing cannon started way back when—when Fremont wangled a cannon from the Army Arsenal in St. Louis in 1843 to protect his expedition from Indian attacks...



A rare photo of Fremont's historic cannon after it was found at Glenbrook, Calif. and became source of a bitter fued.



Pyramid Lake in Nevada, discovered by Fremont. The controversial cannon is seen just at left of the teepee.

TALE OF

by Ed Earl Repp

JOHN C. FREMONT QUIETLY surveyed his eager party of thirty-nine men, not counting the supernumeraries, in camp at Kaw Landing, now Kansas City. Soon, in the spring of 1843, they would be starting on his second pathfinding expedition into the far west. Most of them were French-Canadians and Creoles, men of stout heart, quick for a fight or for foofaraw and fluff. Fremont knew each and every one of them by his first name, was aware of their qualities and failings, their deepest thoughts and highest ambitions.

When they played, they did so with every ounce of strength. And when they fought—which was often, if only to break the monotony of waiting—they battled for the sheer love of personal, hand-to-hand combat, keel boat style, anything goes, and woe unto the weak.

Buckskin-clad, armed with the deadly Hawken rifles, butcher knives at their belts, the lusty crew looked capable enough to take on any Indian war party the expedition might encounter on the westward trek. But Fremont knew better. His shaggy brows drew down reflectively. The full lips of his wide moth tightened. These men were his friends, under his command. They looked to him for everything and he was not of the breed to let a side-kick down.

His penetrating eyes swept over the dozen carts, each drawn by a team of mules. The light wagon was for transporting scientific equipment including a refracting telescope, sextants, syphon barometers, cistern barometers, compasses, chronometers, and surveying instruments. All this and the lives of his men would be on the line in event of an Indian attack. He decided he needed one more piece of equipment before starting on his memorable journey westward into country little known to white men.

With the determination that was characteristic of the man, Fremont headed promptly for the headquarters of Colonel Stephen W. Kearny. Over glasses of brandy the two men discussed light subjects until Fremont made his request for a twelve-pound cannon to take along on his journey. The need, he reminded Kearny, was so great that he felt his expedition might fail without it.

Kearny listened with all the courtesy at his command and then informed Fremont the request was impossible to fill. Every piece of artillery in his command was needed for his own campaigns. But

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THE DISAPPEARING CANNON

Photos: Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of Calif.

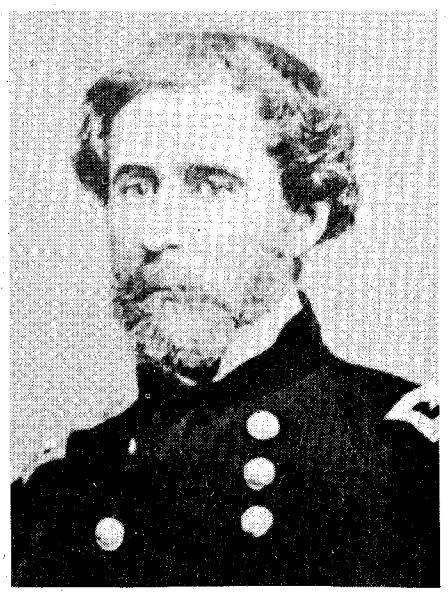
Mules appear reluctant as Fremont breaks camp at Kaw Landing, (now Kansas City,) for westward trek.

Fremont was adamant; with a silvery tongue some historians have called a "gift of gab" he overawed Kearny with his oratory and won his point. Kearny yielded and gave him an order for a small howitzer with which Fremont was certain he could defend his men against the Indians. He departed at once for St. Louis and upon presenting Kearny's order was given the cannon from the Armory weapons stores.

Delighted with his success, Fremont described the piece as "the kind invented by the French for the mountain part of their war with Algiers," and exactly what he had hoped to obtain for his expedition. Now he felt more secure under orders to continue explorations of the Pacific Coast begun by Lieutenant Charles Wilkes in 1838-42.

Indians had been extremely troublesome and Fremont had in mind explorations that would include not only the West Coast but unexplored parts of Oregon, Utah, Nevada and California. Possession of the howitzer gave him confidence that he could meet and overcome resistance wherever it was encountered.

But it was also to cause considerable concern, and for a century the cannon was the subject of speculation and intrigue. Bickering and arguments over it was even heard in such high places as Washington, D.C.



Jessie Fremont prevented recall of Captain Fremont (r.) in 1843.

In 1843 John C. Fremont was a rising young officer in the topographical engineers. He had a burning ambition to push the nation's wilderness across the Rockies all the way to the Pacific. Official Washington had its eyes on California, and Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, Fremont's father-in-law, used all the influence at his command to aid and spon-

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sor the Pathfinder's expeditions.

There was considerable opposition to the explorations, politically and otherwise, causing many delays. Now at Kaw Landing Fremont knew his men were getting restless. Yet there were many details to be completed before the expedition could get underway. The cannon was one of them. It was, however, to prove more detrimental than helpful, even on a purely defensive basis.

One day Fremont received a letter from his wife, Jessie Benton Fremont, who was as ambitious as her father to see the expedition succeed. The letter was written in cryptic terms, urging him to depart for the West immediately and to ask no questions. Although Mrs. Fremont failed to explain to her husband, or give the slightest hint of her reasons for haste, she was well aware that forces were at work to delay the exploration indefinitely, if not to enforce a cancellation completely. As a matter of fact she had been secretly advised that such a cancellation, or recall order, was being prepared by the chief of the topographical bureau.

"It was an order recalling him (Fremont) to Washington," Mrs. Fremont wrote later in 1891 in the Century Magazine, "to explain why he had armed his party with a howitzer cannon."

The order for Fremont's recall did come through to her, as she had been secretly informed that it would. But without revealing the order to anyone she calmly hid it away and advised Fremont to be on his way without further delay. Her main concern now was that a duplicate letter from Washington might reach Fremont ahead of her own, defeating her intentions of pushing the exploration ahead as rapidly as possible. (The resultant publicity, she knew, would thrust her husband into the higher echelon of politics. She is claimed by some historians as visualizing her husband in the White House!)

Be that as it may, she knew from Fremont's accounts and journals that the cannon was a necessity for the defense of his party. And she was not about to permit a small item like that to be an excuse for his recall. She was aware of her father's desire for western conquest and what it meant to the political careers of both men. She did not hesitate risking the consequences for Fremont and it was easily observed that she was pulling the strings, inasmuch as all official mail to him passed through her hands before being forwarded to her husband.

On the other hand, official objections to the howitzer were based on the aura of military conquest it lent the venture, thereby obscuring the peaceful aim and intent of the expedition. In the balance hung delicate relationships with Great Britain and Mexico. Possession of the cannon by the party indicated a well-armed force challenging the rights of others in debatable territory. The weapon definitely gave Fremont's expedition a war-like aspect that could be misconstrued, and tip the scales between war and peace with two other powers. Moreover, thoroughly seasoned frontiersmen voiced opinions in Washington that the cannon could be of little advantage in fighting the Indians.

Fremont and his wife believed differently, and so the howitzer at once became controversial as well as a hindrance. It did prove to become a burden. As one

John Charles Fremont as he looked in 1861. It is believed by settlers that the cannon was found in 1860.

historian recorded it, the same weight in dried beans would have been far more relevant.

Fremont had utmost faith in his wife's judgment. So much so that he did not question it now, despite the hue and cry, and on May 29th, 1843, he ordered his crew to move out. The camp at Kaw Landing was dismantled and in the hard months that followed the cannon was hauled over trackless prairies, through dense timber, over mountains and into almost impenetrable canyons.

In July they came to Pike's Peak. Kit Carson joined the party as a trusted scout at what is now Pueblo, Colorado. He led the group northwestward along the Medicine Bow Range, then across the North Platte and up the Sweetwater Valley, crossing the South Pass. Unable to locate a more desirable route to Oregon and Northern California, they found themselves on what was to become the Oregon Trail.

At Fort Hall in Idaho a near dozen men deserted, not wishing to face the hardships of approaching winter on the trail. Again the cannon entered the picture. Many of the men were just plain exhausted by the back-breaking toil of hauling the weapon over the increasingly rough terrain. Why Fremont failed to engage horses for the chore is not recorded. The answer may lie in the ruggedness of the land. At any rate, the desertion of eleven men was sorely felt, but the party continued doggedly to The Dalles, in Oregon. They turned southward on November 25th with some twenty-five men remaining in the party. They located Klamath Marsh in lower Oregon in zero weather, and by December 13th men and animals were floundering in deep snows.

Not once had the cannon been brought into action for defense. Yet Fremont insisted that it had to be taken along. The men took turns hauling it, a never-ending problem. On Christmas Day the howitzer was loaded and fired in celebration, sending its ball across Warner Lake. If nothing else, it served only to frighten the Indians, unseen but known to be present in the dense surroundings. The piece was dragged from the frigid Deschutes River down into Nevada Territory where Fremont discovered a lake he named Pyramid, because of a huge, pyramid-shaped island formation rising from its warm waters. Of this Fremont wrote later in his accounts: "We followed a broad Indian trail along the shore, but after a short space it led to an elevation of 3000 feet, nearly impracticable for the howitzer."

They were obliged to leave it when night fell, until the following morning. For once Fremont was beginning to realize what a Jonah the weapon had become. The men were grumbling all the way to camp and back to recover the piece. But Fremont refused to abandon it. They hauled it across the rugged country to the Truckee River, thence to the Carson. There, on January 18th, they found themselves facing the eastern slopes of the mighty Sierra Nevadas, white and forbidding in a deep mantle of snow, and blocking their advance to the sun-dappled Sacramento Valley beyond on the westward side.

The party was hungry now. Food was low and hunters had failed to produce more than a pair of jackrabbits, animals so infested with ringworm as to make them *almost but not quite* inedible. The number of pack animals was now reduced considerably by death, accidents, abandonment and theft by Indians. Fremont faced the same fate as the Donner Party now.

At last the explorer was confronted with a dilemma. It was abandon the cannon or face something of a mutiny. A long look at the towering mountain barrier with its frowning scarps and impossible snow packs decided the issue. The weapon was abandoned in a well-concealed hiding place in the Walker River country on January 29th.

"We left it," Fremont wrote, "to the great sorrow of the whole party, who were grieved to part with a companion which had made the whole distance from St.

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Louis and commanded respect for us on some critical occasions, and which might be needed for the same purpose again."

Fremont evidently exaggerated a bit for reasons of his own. One of his lieutenants, Sam Neal, who endured the ordeal of crossing the Sierras in dead winter with only a few frozen fingers and toes as forfeit, later declared the cannon was left behind because the men virtually rebelled against transporting it over the mountains. The absolute truth of the matter is beyond ascertaining at this late date, however.

On February 2nd the party began the ascent, perilous in the extreme, over the Sierras. The half-frozen pathfinders discovered Lake Tahoe on the 14th. Bordering on starvation, numbed by frost-bite and fatigued by the laborious toil of fighting mountainous snow drifts, Fremont and Carson climbed to the peak of a mountain and through an opening in the billowing storm clouds glimpsed the plains of California. A stab of sunlight shafted through the cloud-scud bringing into focus the Sacramento River, giving it the aspect of a silver ribbon weaving snake-like through the lowlands. They stood thus at an elevation of 10,100 feet, and the cold blasts that struck them were like stunning blows from the polar regions.

Following what is now Carson Pass, Fremont and his scout went on ahead, reaching Sutter's Fort in March. The rest of the party followed, more dead than alive, from their exhausting struggle over the Sierras. The achievements of the Fremont Expedition thereafter is a matter of history, but what became of the controversial cannon was little-known. Only in recent years has the matter been brought to the fore by diligent and dedicated researchers.

The place where Fremont hid the weapon, expecting to recover it later, according to James U. Smith in the Second Biennial Report of the Nevada Historical Society, was approximately ten miles up the river from present day Coleville, along the right hand or east side of the shore. Someone certainly located it there, appropriated it and hid it out in another canyon across the stream. Just who the thief was is not of record. Possibly one of Fremont's own men, returning homeward from California, paused long enough to place the cannon in a fresh hiding place. There it lay until the 1860's at the head of Los Canyon.

Mr. Smith's account, considered factual, describes the finding of the cannon as follows: "It is the impression of settlers on the Walker River that the cannon was found early in 1860 in Los Canyon. My endeavors to ascertain what party made the find has not been successful. T.B. Smith, who went there in 1859, says that wagons (emigrant) were there at that time. The cannon is supposed to have been found with or near these wagons. Mr. Richard Watkins, who went into that section in 1861, informs me that wagons were also found in one of the canyons leading to Sonora Pass from Pickle Meadows. According to Watkins the cannon was found with these wagons.

"At any rate, the cannon was not found at the place where Fremont left it."

Just who did steal the weapon from its original hiding place? Evidence points out that someone had "recovered" and placed it elsewhere for "safe keeping." In November, 1859, the San Andreas (California) *Independent* printed an article reporting that two miners enroute from the Walker River to Genoa had discovered a cannon bearing the insignia of the U.S. Army, in the general area of Fremont's abandonment of the weapon. In 1872 the Carson City *Register* reported, according to Carrol B. Hall writing in the *Sacramento Bee* in 1941, that G.C. Thaxton was exhibiting two grapeshot imbedded in a log that came to his sawmill. It was estimated the shot had been imbedded in the tree trunk at the time of Fremont's decision to abandon the weapon. The log evidently came from the same area and someone had tested the howitzer by firing it.

Some circles doubt the shot came from the cannon, however, since no record exists that Fremont carried grapeshot. Others declare the loads offered the best possible weapons against Indian attack for their scattering ability.

Author George Wharton James, in 1915, devoted an entire chapter to the subject in his book, The Lake Of The Sky —Lake Tahoe. During the Civil War, he wrote, Dan De Quille called the attention of belligerent adherants of the South to it (the cannon), and they determined to bring it to Virginia City. Just where and how the cannon was obtained, evidently is not disclosed.

One story had it that Captain W.A. Pray, a loyal Unionist, got hold of it first, taking it to Glenbrook where he removed the wheels for use on a hay wagon. He is then supposed to have mounted the piece on a heavy block of timber, adding the wheels of an old miners' ore cart. If that was the cannon Fremont abandoned, it was thereafter used as an expression of Captain Gray's patriotism. Vague accounts have it that Pray fired it each July 4th for many years in celebration of Independence Day!

Following his death, Pray's widow offered the cannon for sale in Nevada. The news flew fast and far. The cannon was again "stolen" and spirited away—hidden in a load of scrap iron bound for Tahoe City. What Tahoe City, for many years a mountain resort with little or no steel industry, would do with a load of scrap is not explained. The blacksmith there might have used it for wagon wheel tire irons or horse shoes. The report insists that the cannon was concealed under the blacksmith's shop by Californians eager to establish possession of the relic. Eventually it was mounted on a hill overlooking the lake, a short distance from a magnificent hotel erected later, to be fired on special occasions. Then, as suddenly as it appeared, it vanished once more. Relic hunters and civic-minded citizens of Tahoe City embarked on a sleuthing mission.

According to an Associated Press article of July 12, 1941, it was revealed that the cannon had been discovered locked in a Nevada vault. Thus began a feud between Nevada and California citizens for permanent possession of the historic weapon. The news report declared that the cannon was taken when representatives of the California State Museum arrived in Tahoe City with orders from the War Department giving that institution full title to the piece.

No one seemed to know who "pinched" the cannon for the Nevadans, but they held that possession was nine-tenths of the law. Efforts to test the legality of that law apparently were not pressed.

Then out of the blue came a discouraging blow to the Californians. The Nevada Museum in Carson City issued a statement to the press that it had "full possession of the cannon by right of a War Department order predating the one supposedly issued to California." Moreover, it was charged that "there is no California State Museum in legitimate operation."

California historians were stunned into a dither. Charges flew thick and fast. The War Department orders were declared forgeries by both sides. Californians charged the Nevadans with outright thievery. In return the Nevadans claimed the artillery piece was found in Nevada and would be maintained by Nevadans. Moreover, the vault in which it was being kept from "abductors" would be under armed guard day and night.

The passing of years has mellowed the sensitivities of both the Californians and the Nevadans. Efforts to verify the "War Department Orders" giving either side possession of the weapon have been futile. Possibly they were legitimate; and if they were not... In any event, the cannon is now in the Nevada State Museum at Carson City which does exist and *IS* in legitimate operation. Tahoe City circles still believe they were victimized, however, and completely sold out.

Who "stole" Fremont's cannon remains the secret of those involved in the abduction. As for Fremont's men who were members of his Second Expedition, they many times wished they had never seen the piece and they had only to look at their calloused, rope-burned hands to prove it. ●

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THE LAST OF TOMBSTONE'S CHINESE

THEY BUILT THE WEST

ONE MORNING Hal Smith, the town marshall of Tombstone, Arizona, noticed that an aged and commonplace, but picturesque little man, accompanied by his small dog, was not taking his usual saunter down Allen Street. Even the children, whom he loved dearly and to whom he frequently distributed his individually made pies, warm doughnuts, and candy, noted his absence.

Smith, with a few other friends, looked into the situation. Shortly thereafter he discovered the old man lying unconscious on the floor of his small room in the rear of the old Nellie Cashman Hotel, known as Russ House, on the corner of Fifth and Toughnut Street.

The strickened one was immediately dispatched to the County Hospital in Douglas, where he died a few hours later. That same day he was buried in the Evergreen Cemetery, in a pauper's grave, in Bisbee, with only a sexton attending the funeral.

When the pioneers of Tombstone learned the next day that one of their own, an institution in the town, was buried with such haste and indignity they were incensed.

A fund drive was quickly launched, led by Walter Cole, the editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph,* and within hours sufficient donations were received to enable the people of Tombstone to make arrangements to disinter the body in Bisbee and return it to the old mining camp often referred to as "Bagdad-on-the-San Pedro."

Here in Tombstone, on January 14, 1938, was buried Quong Kee, the sole remaining Chinese from a group

He couldn't handle a six-shooter. But he sure could handle a frying pan—well enough to make his restaurant the "in" spot of Tombstone. To that restaurant flocked lawmen and outlaws alike—all of them friends of the owner.

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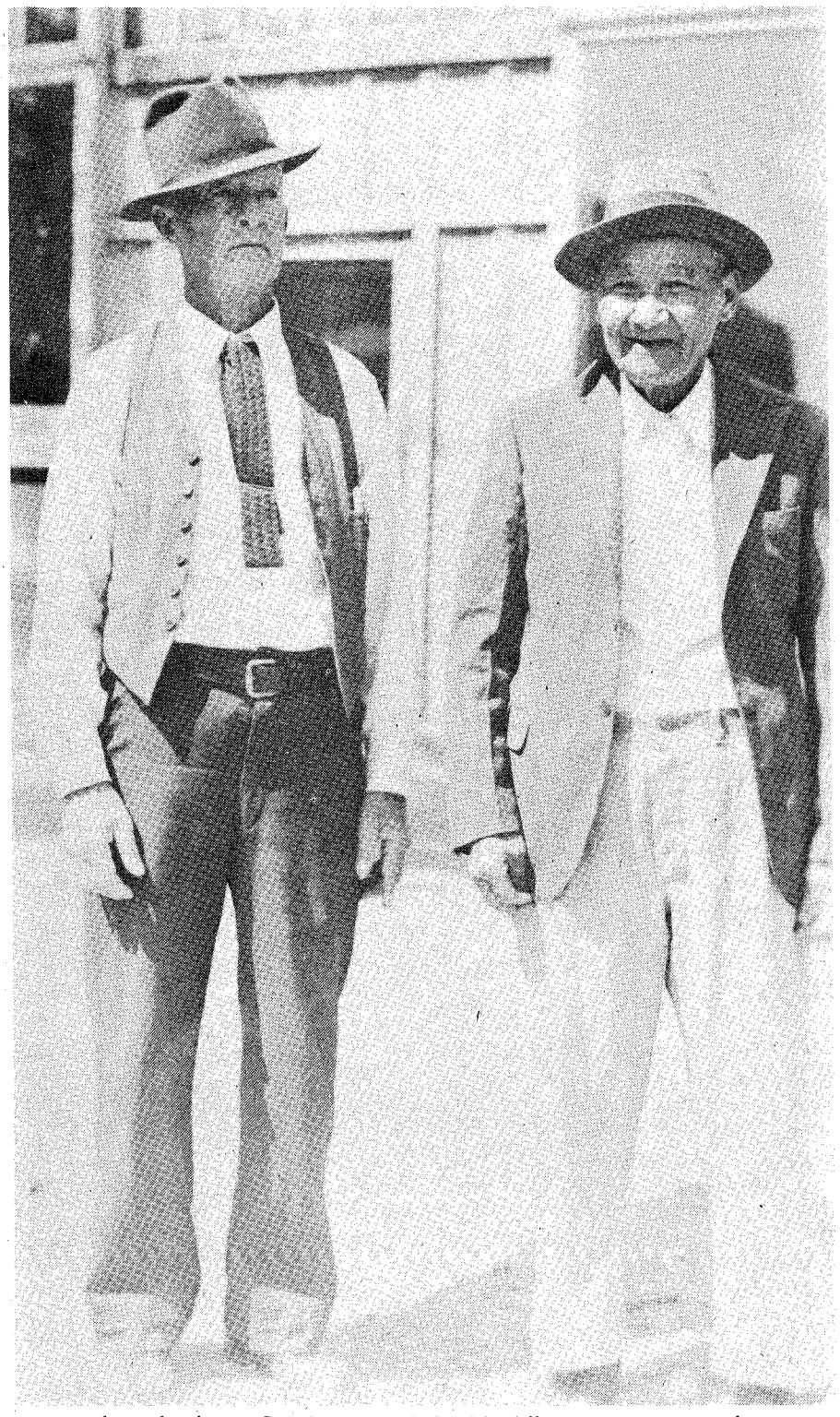
Quong Kee (opposite page) was the last of the famous Chinese Colony in Tombstone, the owner of one of its great cafes and the best chef the town ever knew. At right, Quong stands alongside Tombstone peace justice J.L. Larrieu. Quong knew them all, lawmen and outlaws alike.



numbering almost 500 in the turbulent Territorial days of old.

"The Last Celestial" was laid to rest, as he had often requested, in the old Boothill Cemetery which had been officially closed since May 31, 1884.

Quong Kee, the last of the famous Chinese Colony in Tombstone, the best chef the town ever knew, and the proprietor of one of Tombstone's great cafes in the 1880's, was born in Hong Kong, China, in 1852. (Some list the city of his birth as Canton). Many believed that he was at least 100 years old at the time of his death in 1938. However, a Federal Certificate of Residence was found among his papers after his burial. This paper was signed in Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, in March, 1894, and gave his age as 42 years. Therefore, at the time of his death he was 86.

Kee left China when a very young man. He was then known among his friends there as Gee Quong Bok.

In the legendary mining camp of Virginia City, Nevada, he obtained a job as cook's helper in a restaurant. Here he began to watch the history of the old west unfold. Quong was there that day in the streets on January 10, 1864, when Sheriff Henry Plummer and members of his infamous gang were hanged by the vigilantes, in revenge for the deaths of many robbed and slain miners.

Quong stayed in Virginia City for six years and when the diggings began to peter out he followed the workers laying tracks for the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads. His stew was considered by them to be the best in the country.

A short time later the ambitious Chinaman was to be found in Stockton, California, a booming railroad town, where he was part owner of a restaurant.

"Stockton plenty busy," Quong was quoted as saying. "Lotsa people all time hurry here, hurry there. Lotsa money, lotsa business. Stockton good place then. Lotsa yellow boy there too. All work for railroad."

Quong, himself, worked from early dawn right into the small hours of the morning. He saved, actually hoarded, his money until he had enough for a return visit to China.

It was only after he had established his American citizenship did he then return to his native city of Hong Kong.

Quong was looked upon with honor by his fellow countrymen who recognized him as one who had been to far places and returned with great wealth. He married and established his own home. But after eight months he left his pregnant wife to return to America to add to his riches. After his departure a son, whom Quong was destined never to see, was born.

An American philosophical artist, Charles M. Russell, once wisely said, "The Old West is like a sweetheart. You might lose her, but you will never

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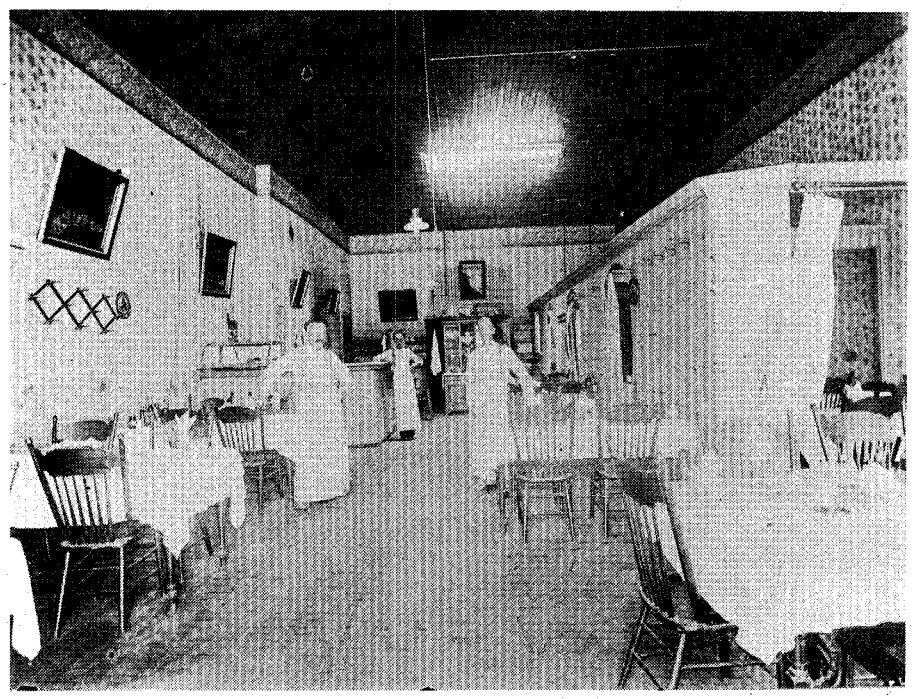

Inside the popular Can Can Restaurant (above) as the evening's diners are awaited. Quong Kee's partner, Ah Lum, is the man at far right. Tombstone residents could dine as graciously and sumptuously at the Can Can as those who lived in New York, Chicago or San Francisco. The Can Can specialty was "T-bone steak smothered in onions" and the establishment provided high class entertainment as well. The restaurant (below) became known as the "in" spot of Tombstone. It gained a reputation for the best tableware, service and fantastic delicacies.

forget her."

Quong didn't forget the roaring mining, cattle, and railroad camps of the old southwest and it wasn't too surprising to see him once again setting up shop in Willcox, Arizona Territory.

In the 1870's Willcox was a rising metropolis of the Arizona cattle lands. In this community Quong established a restaurant and called it "The Hindquarter." The people of the surrounding countryside soon spoke highly of his juicy steaks.

The prosperous Chinaman began to expand. He opened the "Black Diamond" restaurant in Pearce, and shortly thereafter "The Grecian" in Charleston. (Quong called it "The Glecian").

When the new mining camp of Tombstone shot up like magic in the late 1870's Quong received a message from his cousin, Ah Lum, who owned and operated a cafe in that brawling honky-tonk town where three frontiers met—the miner's, cattlemen's, and Indian's. Quong purchased a part of that establishment, which was to become the famous "Can Can" restaurant, and soon bought out his partner and became the sole proprietor.

Quong did not remember where his restaurant gained the name of a famous dance of the Paris music halls. "I did not name it," he said. "Some white man call him that, so that was all right."

It is generally believed that the Can Can was actually named after that popular French dance, which, in the early 1880's, was performed at Tombstone's own Bird Cage Theatre by two or more couples, during which the ladies were somewhat scantily clad.

Local residents, in a facetious vein, said the Can Can Cafe was appropriately named inasmuch as everything it served came from cans.

This was definitely an incorrect observation. In the beginning Quong served steak and potatoes, pork and beans, ham, and bacon, eggs, and coffee, but no fresh milk.

"No catchum milk," Quong would say, "just tin cow."

Almost immediately competition became quite severe. Between 1879 and 1884 restaurants such as the Melrose, Arcade, Star, Nevada, Mrs. Peters, Occidental, New York, San Francisco, Fountain, New Orleans, International, Parisian Palace, Mike's Hash House, Cosmopolitan Cafe, Carleton, Brooklyn, National, Golden Eagle, Tombstone, Queen, Elite, Maison Doree, etc., vied for customers.

The Can Can became the "in" spot of Tombstone. It gained the reputation of having the best of table ware and service and was famed for its delicacies. Quong employed hunters to provide him with bear, deer, and antelope. By fast stage he imported lobsters and fish from Guaymas, Mexico. Oysters were imported from either the Chesapeake Bay area on the east coast or from San Francisco. Even buffalo tongue was found on the menu. These edible luxury items were expensive and difficult to transport, but they acted as a symbol of the town's greatness and industry.

The people of Tombstone could dine as graciously and sumptuously at the Can Can as could those in famous dining establishments in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, or elsewhere.

Although oysters, filet mignon, and hors d'oeuvres appeared on Quong Kee's early menus, by 1882 prices for commonplace meals in most restaurants had come down to 25¢ for ham and eggs with porter house steak 25¢ and plain beefsteak 15¢. An entire evening meal was 50¢. The Can Can's specialty was "T bone smother-

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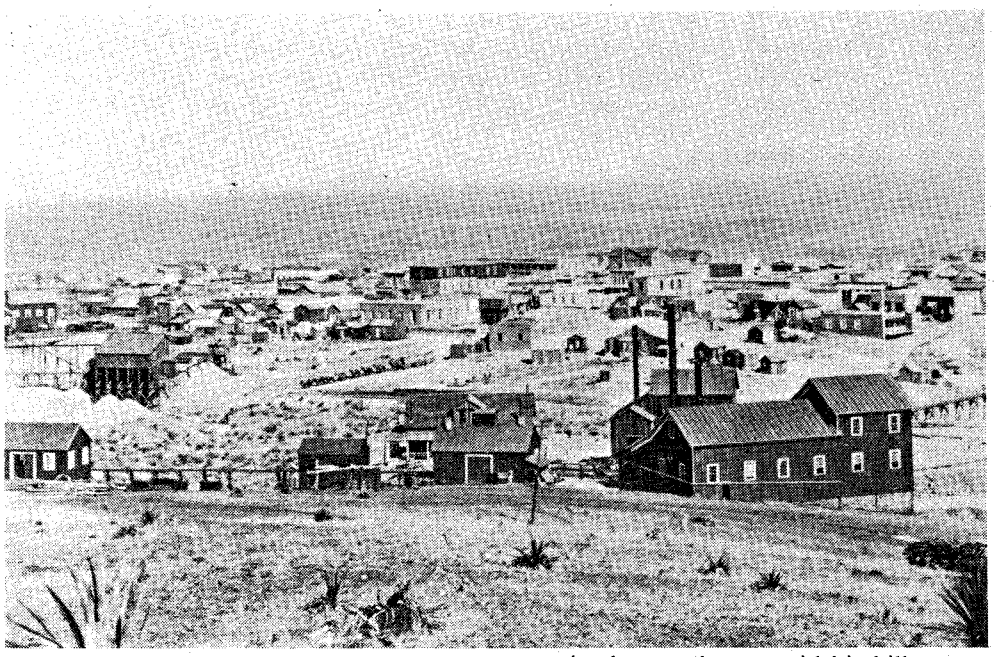


Tombstone (above), the town where Quong Kee's Can Can Restaurant was located. Nellie Cashman (below) operated a hotel called the Russ House, where Quong lived for many years. Quong was considered to be a living institution in the town.

ed in onions," and the establishment provided high class entertainment as well.

In an interview shortly before his death the pioneer Tombstone restauranteur said..."Sure I remember Wyatt Earp, he was good guy. Lotsa time he eat with Quong. But lotsa time he hard on other people. Shoot 'em up all the time.

"Just like Billy Clanton. He nice fellow who eat at Can Can. But he got shot down by OK corral. He was nice boy—always paid his bills.

"Sure I knew Curley Bill. Always good friends with Quong. He pay his bills quick and laugh a lot and eat a lot. Some say Curley bad fellow, he rustler. You savee rustler? But he never bad to Quong. Quong didn't have any cows."

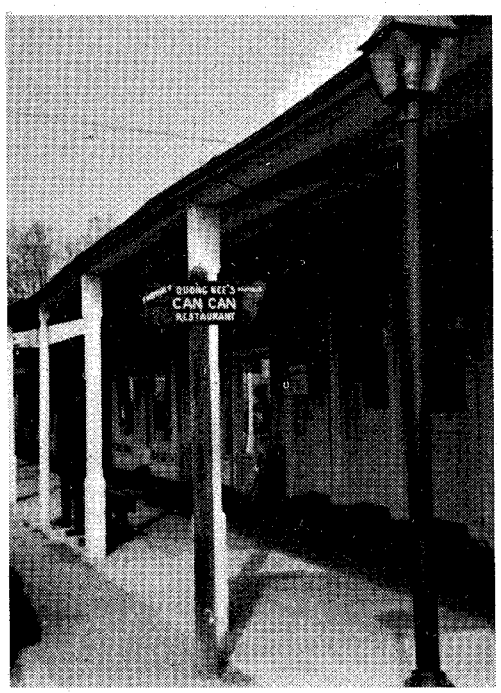
Curley Bill, often described as Arizona's most famous outlaw and a medieval robber baron type, fooled many people with his general good looks, honest face, and friendly smile. Little is known of his early days. Texas, Missouri, and Montana are all mentioned as the state of his birth. History records him as William Brocius, William Graham, or William Brocius Graham. Take your choice. Even his nickname is spelled either "Curley" or "Curly." One source will describe him as usually wearing "the red flannel shirt and black Stetson of just an ordinary cowboy." Another source states he almost always wore "the blue flannel shirt and white sombrero of a cowboy." Be that as it may, he was a very clever rustler, and in 1882 Curley finally caught both loads of a shotgun fully in the chest. Wyatt Earp was rumored to have been his executioner.

The mild little Chinaman liked Curley Bill, who was so typical of the tough element who populated Tombstone in those days. Quong Kee knew them all, the Earp brothers, the Clanton clan, the McLaury boys, Billy Claiborne, Bat Masterson, Nellie Cashman, Buckskin Frank Leslie, John Clum, Old Pie Allen, etc., the good and the bad.

It is true there was nothing spectacular about his life. His hands were never accustomed to the handle of a six-shooter, but rather the handle of the frying pan. He was industrious and kind, but his free use of profanity was legendary. He bore no ill will toward anyone. He fed both the famous and the infamous, played poker with them, and even grubstaked some of them, sharing in time their profits and/or their losses.

Many stories are told of how the cunning and wily Quong handled his customers.

One time five cowboys rode into Willcox after long months on the San Pedro range. After a lengthy round of most of the saloons in town they arrived at "The Hindquarter," Quong's restaurant. Instead of eating they "hurrahed" the place. The waiter and cook fled before Quong reached his dining establishment. He found it in a shambles.



The old restaurant is now the Can Can Variety Store. Two disastrous fires destroyed much of Tombstone.

"You sit down and be quiet," Quong shouted to the revellers. "If you no want dinner get out."

The cowboys proceeded to tear the place up still further before leaving.

Quong was advised to have the men arrested, but he didn't do so.

"No arrest them" the Chinaman said. "When they sober up they sorry. Then they come back and pay for everything. Arrest them now and Quong will lose five friends. They get mad and never pay." *Continued*

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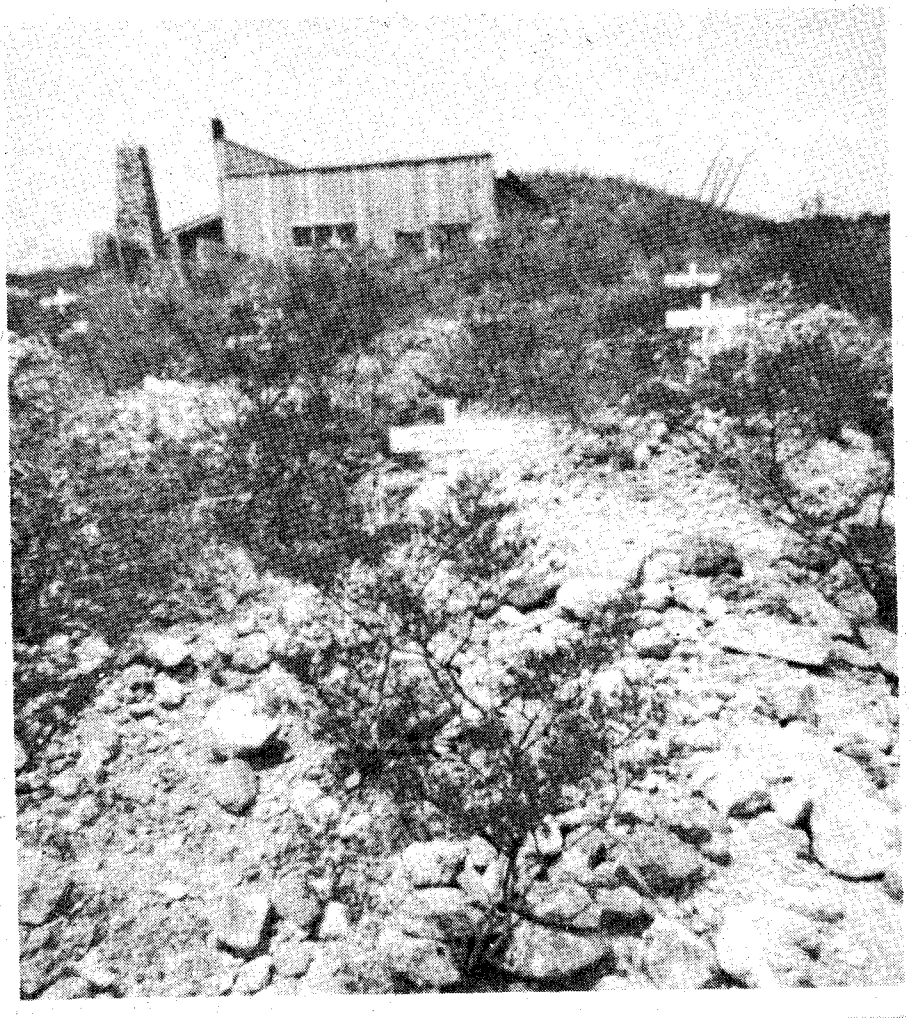
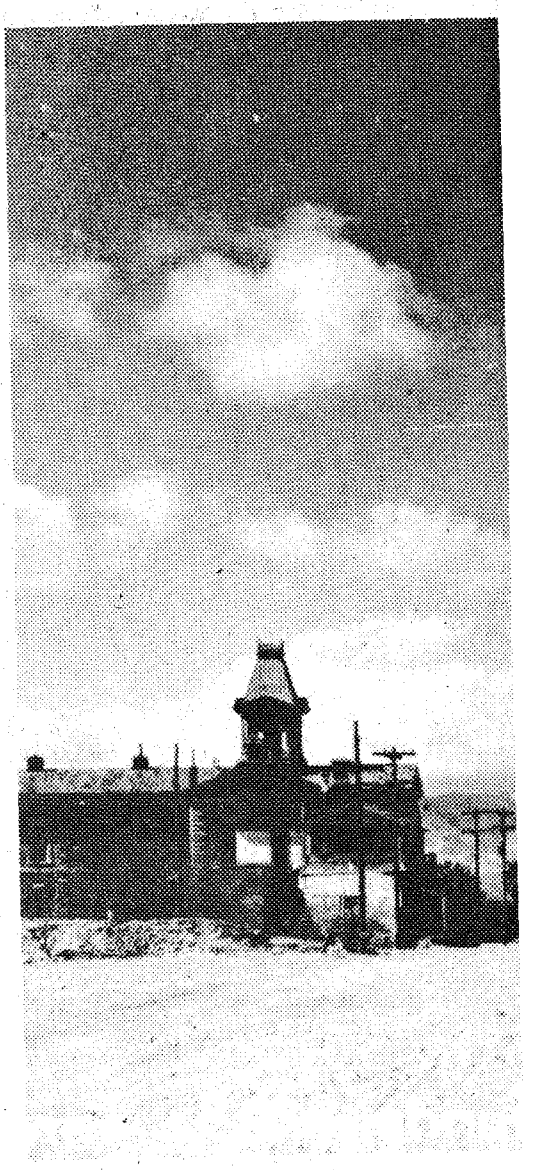
Where Quong Kee lived and where he now rests. Quong is buried in Tombstone's Boothill Cemetery (below). The Russ House (at right in picture right), where Quong lived for many years, is on a corner of Toughnut Street in Tombstone. The restaurateur was missed by his many friends.





The cemetery (left) where Quong is buried. When the Tombstone pioneers learned that he had been buried with haste and indignity, they raised funds for a proper burial for Quong.

Less than a week later one of the cowboys returned in a rather regretful mood and asked Quong how much he and his friends owed him for breaking up his place.

"I check him up," said Quong. "I charge him $40 and he pay. Quong keep five friends."

Quong once told a friend that he kept a freight wagon load of crockery almost continuously on the road from San Francisco, just to replace all the dishes, glasses, cups, etc., his wild customers would break, usually on their paydays.

"When he's sober," Quong commented, "cowpuncher is all right. When he's drunk, cowpunch all time raise hell."

Tombstone was born a mining town

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in the fall of 1879. Within the next decade it lived a mining town and died a mining town.

Two disastrous fires, one in 1881 and the other in 1882, burned out much of the community. The Tombstone bubble was fatally pricked in 1886 by flooded mines, cheap silver, strikes, and a new mining boom in Nevada. Many mines closed and there were dry years on the range.

"Bagdad-on-the-San Pedro" became a ghost town. Many of its young landmarks, famous buildings and restaurants rebuilt after the fires, were closed and boarded up. The population, which once numbered between 12,000 and 15,000, dropped to about a thousand.

Quong Kee closed the Can Can and left to manage his other restaurants in Willcox, Pearce, and Charleston, but times were bad in these communities too, and Quong said his businesses all "go bust." Although he reported that he had more money on the books than in the till, he never sued.

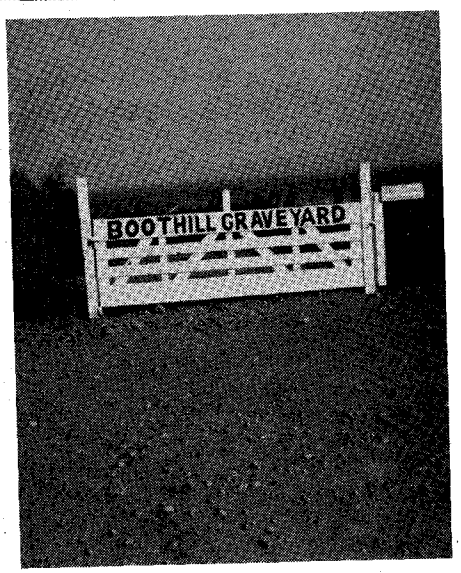
"No go to court. When they have money they pay," said Quong. "In court lawyer make 'em pay, then lawyer take money. Quong have no money and no friends."

The almost entirely penniless young Chinaman returned to Tombstone and reopened the Can Can.

However, things were never to be the same. Tombstone was dying, if not already dead. Quong watched the march of history as "Hop Town," the old Chinese settlement in Tombstone, disintegrated.

"China Mary," who was Mrs. Ah Lum, the wife of Quong's first partner in the operation of the Can Can, died in 1906. She had been the acknowledged "Queen of Hop Town," or, as some put it, "The Queen of the Red Light District." Nevertheless, she did provide jobs for those Chinese who wanted to work in laun-

(Continued on page 50)



Quong died a pauper and the last Celestial in Tombstone. The people eventually carried out his last wishes, to be buried next to China Mary in Boothill Graveyard. His was the first burial there since 1906.

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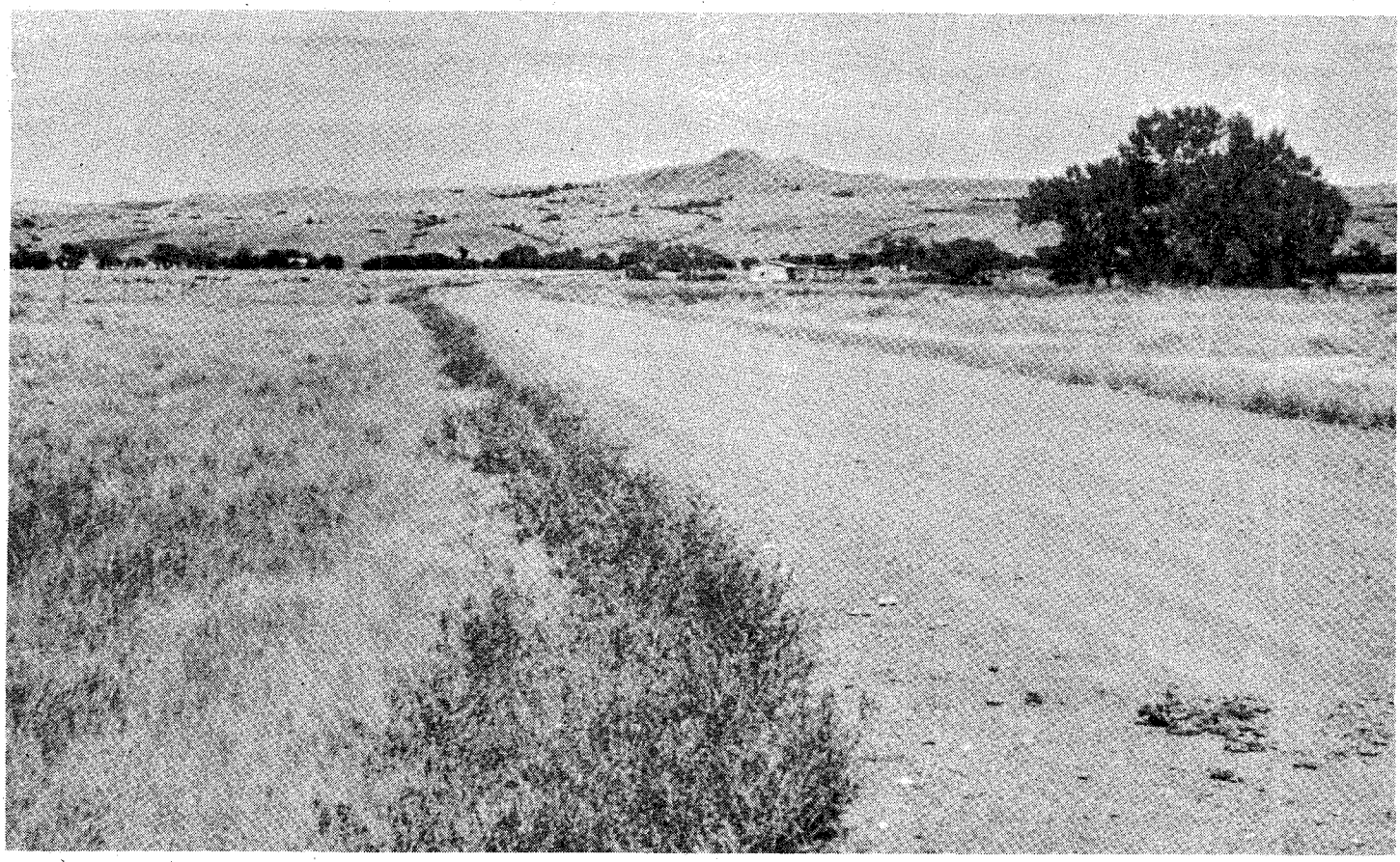
AUNTIE MAY and



The locale of Little Eagle Village, Standing Rock Reservation; Elkhorn Butte looms against the far horizon.

The material for this article was taken from the diary of Auntie May—Mary Clementine Collins—who was the author's great-aunt. Auntie May knew Sitting Bull very well, and a host of other Indian greats known to us through the history books. She was a lady M.D. (and Congregational minister) known as Winona (princess) to the Sioux Indians to whom she devoted her life...

by Mary Collins Rexroth

NO DOUBT MANY PEOPLE, serious and otherwise, are interested in the late religious craze among our people, (The Diary, November 1890), which had to do with Sitting Bull and the Indian Messiah, but I fear from what I have seen that some of you are wasting your sympathies upon these Indians who we look upon as honest in their search after God.

I myself felt that they deserved pity and mercy until I looked into the situation as thoroughly as I could and found that it was not true that the masses are deceived. They know very well what they are doing, and I find that those entering most fully into the craze are those who opposed the last treaty with the Government.

Sitting Bull and a few others pretend to believe that in the spring an Indian Messiah will come and all the dead Indians, buffalo, antelope, deer, and etc., are to rise and return with him; that the new Messiah has a black man who stands from morning until night making new buffalo, wagons, and gold; that all white people shall be sent across the great waters, or turned into dogs or fish; that an impassable gulf shall be fixed between this country and other lands so that the white people never again can come here. The Indians are told that anyone who doubts all this will be turned into a dog. Some of them do not believe it wholly, yet think they will be on the safe side by saying nothing. All these things I have heard over and over again until I feel that returning ghosts would be welcome if they would succeed in stopping all this foolish talk.

A number of wiser and better men, such as Grindstone, Little Eagle, and Swift Cloud, came to me and said: "This is far worse than you or the Agent think. You think it is play

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SITTING BULL

and will soon pass away. It is not. Sitting Bull uses this cloak of religion to excite the people, and if he can keep it up and get enough followers, it means another outbreak. It means war. All the ceremonies are just such as the Indians had in old times before starting out on the war path."

We have just started an outstation at Sitting Bull's village, and the new teacher, Owen Lovejoy, a Santee Indian, has arrived. Yesterday he was to hold his first service. We had heard that all was quiet up there, so I said I would accompany Owen and assist him in getting the women into the meeting. We went to our other outstation at Cross Bear's village and had services there with Elias Gilbert, and he accompanied us to Sitting Bull's village.

When we came in sight of Sitting Bull's village, we saw a great many people and a large number of tents. We at once knew that the Indians were dancing. As we came near we saw a group of men and women all painted, and the men dressed in the old-time war dress, paint, and feathers. The women, also, were painted, and each had a white feather tied to her hair, something I had never seen before. They all marched up to a designated spot, and then from there they marched to a tall center pole and hung a flag upon it. Flags of all colors were flying from this pole. These people formed a ring about the pole and began to chant, "Ate-he-e-lo." They chanted this one strain over and over while continually gazing at the sun which was shining brilliantly in an unclouded sky.

Near the pole, outside of the ring, was a tent. Sitting Bull sat inside, and all who were to join the dance for the first time entered this tent to be made *wakan*, holy. Their faces were painted a bright vermilion. He adorned each with blue crescents on forehead, cheek, and chin, and a cross on the nose or between the eyes. As they came out of the tent they joined the circle. If they were little children, they joined a small circle at a distance at which only little ones danced. About thirty children from five to twelve years of age were in this circle. They also danced around a pole adorned with flags.

Author's Illus.

Dr. Collins—after years of missionary work.

Auntie May (stdg.) before she left for Sioux Country.

I went into the sacred tent and talked with Sitting Bull, who sat in state opposite the tent opening.

His hands and wrists were painted yellow and green; his face red, green. and white. As I started toward him he said: "Winona, approach me on the left side and take my left hand with your left hand."

I did so, and then I talked to him and warned him of the danger of breaking the laws of the Great Father and told him of the suffering he would bring upon his people if he continued on his present course. I also told him that he might deceive a few Indians and a few white people, but that God could not be deceived, and if he continued in this way of mocking God, nothing but sorrow and trouble was in store for him.

I urged him to lay aside these foolish, evil ways for the sake of his own people.

He smilingly listened to me, and assented, saying that all he told them to do was to pray to God; that he had only their welfare at heart, and more of the same.

I shook hands with him again and said: "My friend, I fear the time will come when you will remember with sorrow your work this day."

I watched all the performance, and *(Continued on page 44)*

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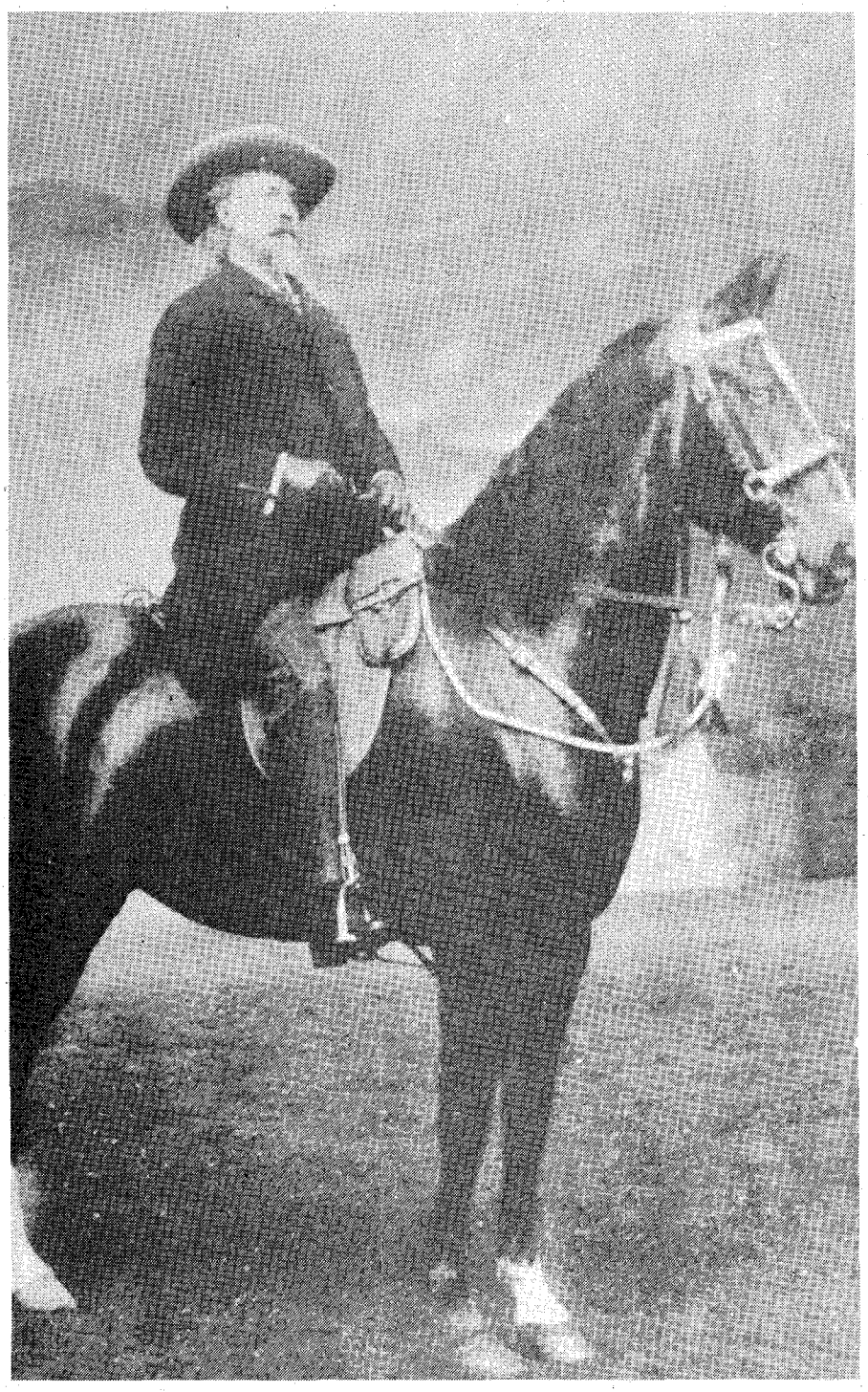
It was supposed to be a film about the Battle of Wounded Knee. And General Miles wanted it accurate down to the slightest detail. It almost became too realistic when the young Sioux started shouting for paleface scalps!

Did You Know There Was Almost...



Buffalo Bill Cody felt motion pictures presented a great opportunity to re-enact and record major battles of the old West. He suggested, to the Secretary of War, filming a re-creation of the Battle of Wounded Knee, the last major engagement between horse soldiers and Indians.

A SECOND BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE?

BUFFALO BILL CODY bubbled over with enthusiasm as he presented his newly-hatched idea to H.H. Tammen and Frederick Bonfils, owners and publishers of the *Denver Post,* the dominant newspaper in Colorado.

Cody pointed out that the motion pictures represented a God-given opportunity to re-enact and record the major battles of the old West which had taken place between the white men and the red.

There figured to be a mint of money made in them for the public would be almost sure to go for such productions in a big way. Furthermore, such features would serve a very useful purpose by enabling generations yet unborn to see a side of the frontier West as it really was.

Tammen and Bonfils, very astute businessmen, scented a potential, handsome profit. They immediately

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General Nelson A. Miles (left) insisted on accuracy to the finest detail in filming a re-enactment of Wounded Knee. Weeks prior to the actual battle, orders were given and later remanded to put Sitting Bull (above) into custody. Miles branded the battle a "useless slaughter." Afterwards, 300 bodies of Sioux (below) were gathered.

contacted The Essanay Film Company of Chicago, the pioneer producer of silent dramas in the infancy of motion pictures. Essanay stood for "S" and "A". The "S" represented George K. Spoor, who entered motion picture producing in 1895. The "A" stood for Gilbert M. Anderson who directed and played a minor role in *The Great Train Robbery,* the first movie to relate a story and the initial western epic. Anderson later became "Bronco Billy", the first star of the western, outdoor thrillers. The William F. Cody Historical Pictures Company, in association with Essanay Films, was soon founded.

In the meantime, Cody visited the Secretary of War, who happened to be in Denver. The Secretary, in-

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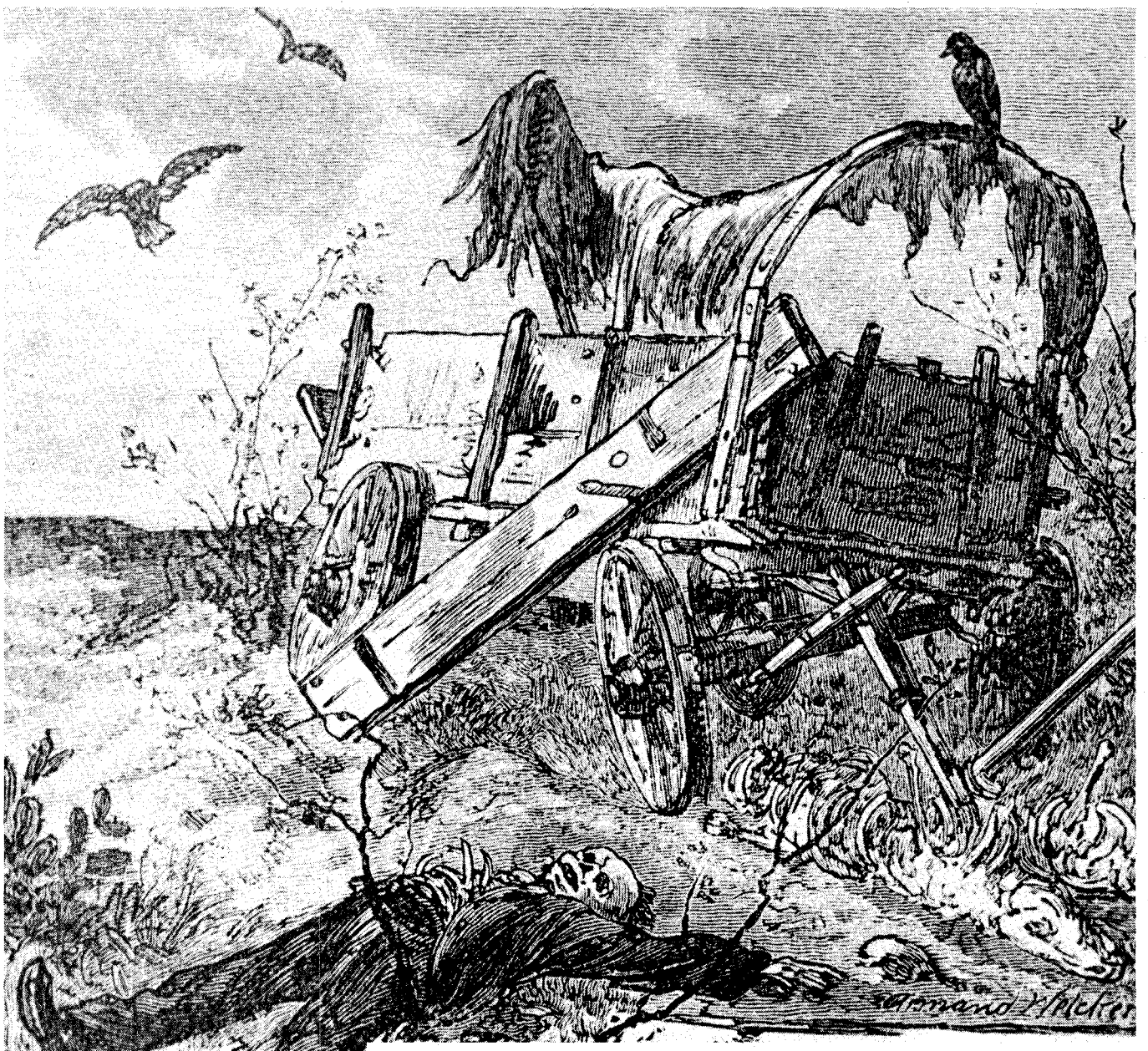

Thoughts of the aftermath of an Indian attack like the one above must have gone through the minds of army officers just before the Battle of Wounded Knee. The army was positive a bloody Indian uprising was in the offing. To forestall such a possibility, orders were given to attack.

trigued by Cody's unique plan, fell into full accord. Cody suggested filming a reenactment of the controversial Battle of Wounded Knee, the last major engagement between the horse soldiers and the Indians. Cody, likewise, stated he desired General Nelson A. Miles be invited to participate in the making of the coming movie, an invitation the officer later accepted. Miles had been in overall command at the time of the Wounded Knee clash and his technical advice would undoubtedly be a valuable assist in the production of the film.

The one-sided battle, in truth, a massacre, had been the result of unwarranted tensions brought on by the Ghost Dance religious faith, a superstitious cult to which the Sioux had turned in their desperation. To their minds, it promised a very quick and magical return to the old, relatively carefree way of life they had led before being herded onto the hated, confining reservation.

Weeks prior to the Wounded Knee tragedy, Cody had been ordered by General Miles to make an effort to bring Sitting Bull into custody. This, assumed Miles, might remove one aggravating source of the Ghost Dance turmoil. However, the order was countermanded by President Benjamin Harrison. This was the sole connection of Cody with the unfortunate and uncalled for Wounded Knee bloodletting.

The frenzied dancing and the incessant beating of the war drums led the army to become positive that a bloody Indian uprising lurked in the offing. To forestall the possibility of such an occurrence, wary

(Continued on page 59)

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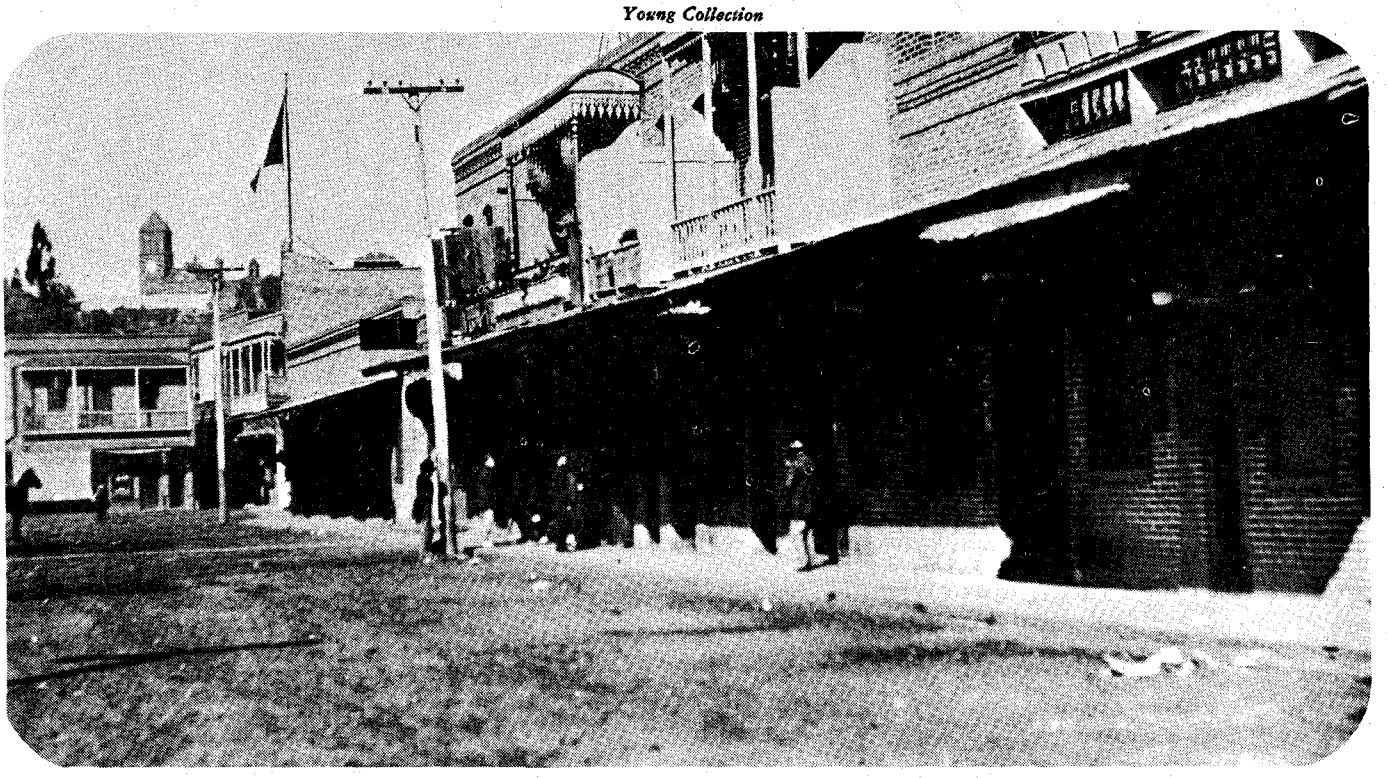
Young Collection



The notorious Chinese Alley in Los Angeles the scene of many murders.

LITTLE FLOWER'S PATH OF BLOOD

by F. C. Holmes

$3,000 was a lot of money to pay for a slave girl, but Bow Kum was worth it. Her beauty was enough to spark San Francisco's bloodiest Tong War

THE OLD WEST was the scene of many ghastly blood-lettings in the course of its lurid history, but perhaps none of them was worse than the tong war which erupted over possession of one beautiful Chinese slave girl.

Lee Ming Fong had come to California in a shipment of coolies to work the mines and the railroads and his future seemed as bleak as the jobs which he performed. But Lee was a man with a goal in mind and an eye on the "main chance" which would make it possible.

Fong was a shrewd gambler and every cent he won went into a sack, then into a carved chest when the sack bulged and overflowed with gold. With his first stake, Fong sent money back to China to purchase a slave girl and pay her passage to California. She was to be used by the miners. The girl proved to be such fine merchandise that Fong was shortly able to send for another, then another. The cribs provided by Fong were always busy.

In time, Fong longed for one of the most beautiful women in all of his celestial homeland. He had money enough now and it was both fitting and proper that a man of his financial eminence should have a beauty to grace his own fine house.

On the strength of advertisements, he had sent money to the slave markets to purchase such a girl but in each instance she had proved to be something less than what the testimonials said. Lee Ming Fong disposed of these women in one way or another, then would send for another.

His prize was to be an exquisite flower unmatched by any other Chinese merchant in the San Francisco area. Perhaps anywhere.

It was near the turn of the century when Fong received secret word from a Cantonese slave dealer. This one, the letter said, was beyond imagination. Even her name, Bow Kum, meant "Sweet Little Flower," and she was all of that. And more. The price matched the prize. $3,000! Unheard of for a slave girl. But Fong sent the money.

In time Bow Kum arived and Fong knew he made a good buy. She was a gem; barely four feet tall and weighing no more than 70 pounds. Fong glowed with pride.

Fong's pleasure was matched by the intense interest, and covetousness which immediately raged through San Francisco's Chinatown. Fong treated the girl with great tenderness and respect, displaying her at grand formal dinners and other affairs where women were permitted. In three years, when she was finally 18, Bow Kum had matured into a gracious, beautiful lady and everyone realized that *(Continued on page 43)*

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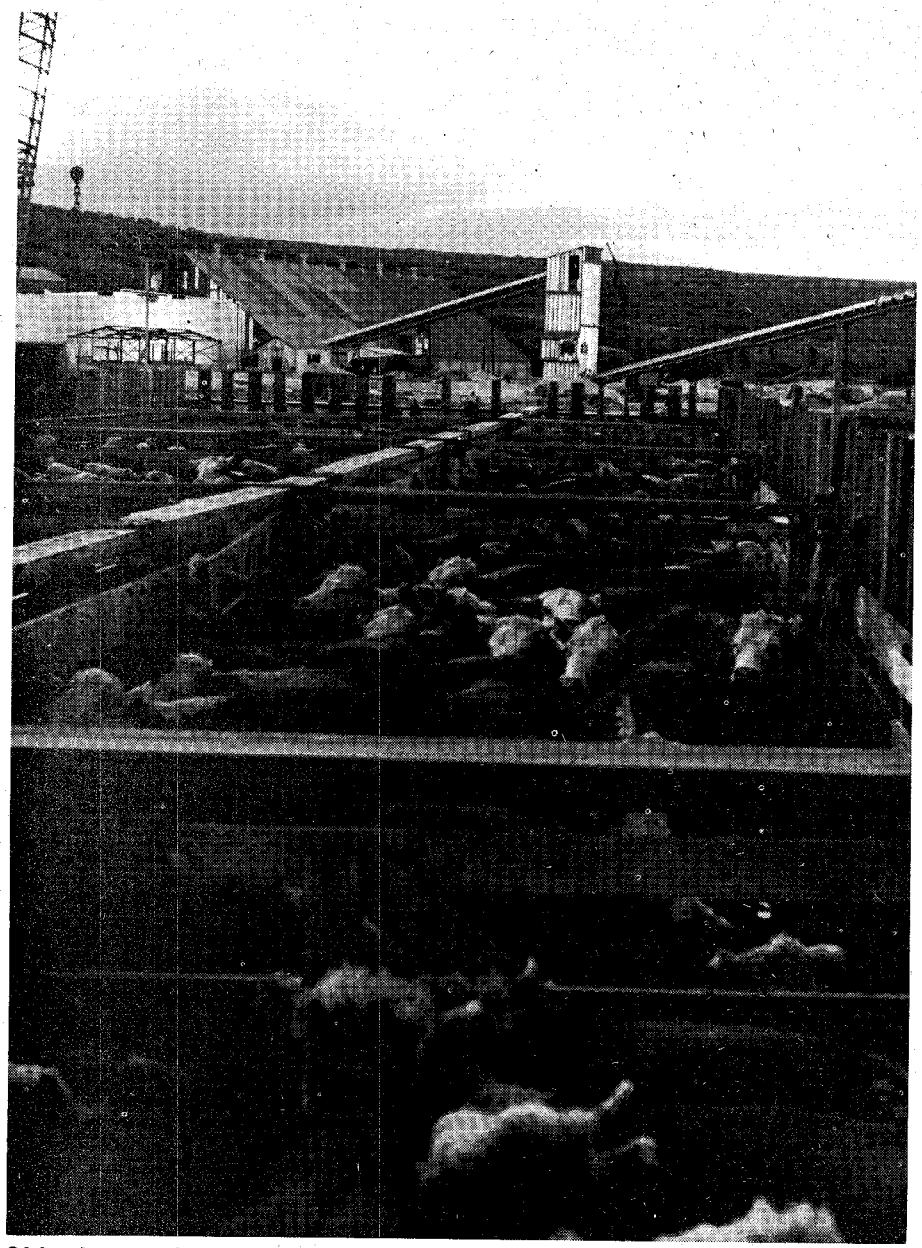
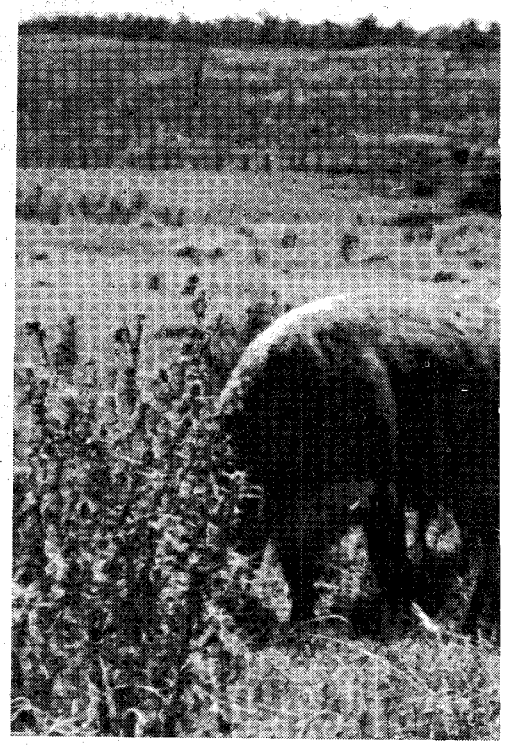
WESTERN GUNFIGHT IN HULA HULA LAND

Juan Sanchez, 20-year-old youngest of eight children and poverty-ridden in Caborca, received a letter postmarked Sandwich Islands, Hawaii (in 1865) from older brother Tomas which rendered him immediately ecstatic. Tomas beckoned: "Come on, Juan . . . getting rich in the cattle business . . ."



Shipping cattle by barge to market in Honolulu, Hawaii, from the port of Kawaihae, near Parker Ranch; but it might be in any western state.



Purebred Herefords on Parker Ranch

by A. Kinney Griffith

DEEMS PURDY WAS BORN IN a log-and-sod dugout on the rolling prairie west of Sweetwater, Texas, in 1844. His father was a transplanted Tennessee hillbilly who, as a youth, had dreams of building a cattle and horse empire on the Texas frontier. His mother Maggie was a gently bred Natchez, Mississippi belle the hillbilly married on his way west. She had been trained as a schoolteacher but departed on her honeymoon even before getting a teaching assignment.

Their first ten years were filled with hardships. True, there were millions of longhorn cattle and feral mustangs roaming the endless prairies, just waiting for the right man to come along and take them, and Jeremy Purdy had done so. His long lariat and ready branding iron gradually built up a herd of several thousand head of prime stock.

The Purdys had no neighbors other than the Jeb Johnsons, eleven miles to the west. Eight miles beyond the Johnsons was the five-family town of Beals, where Beals Branch merged with the Colorado River. There was an occasional Mexican traveler now and then, but the unwelcome visitors were Comanches who always came

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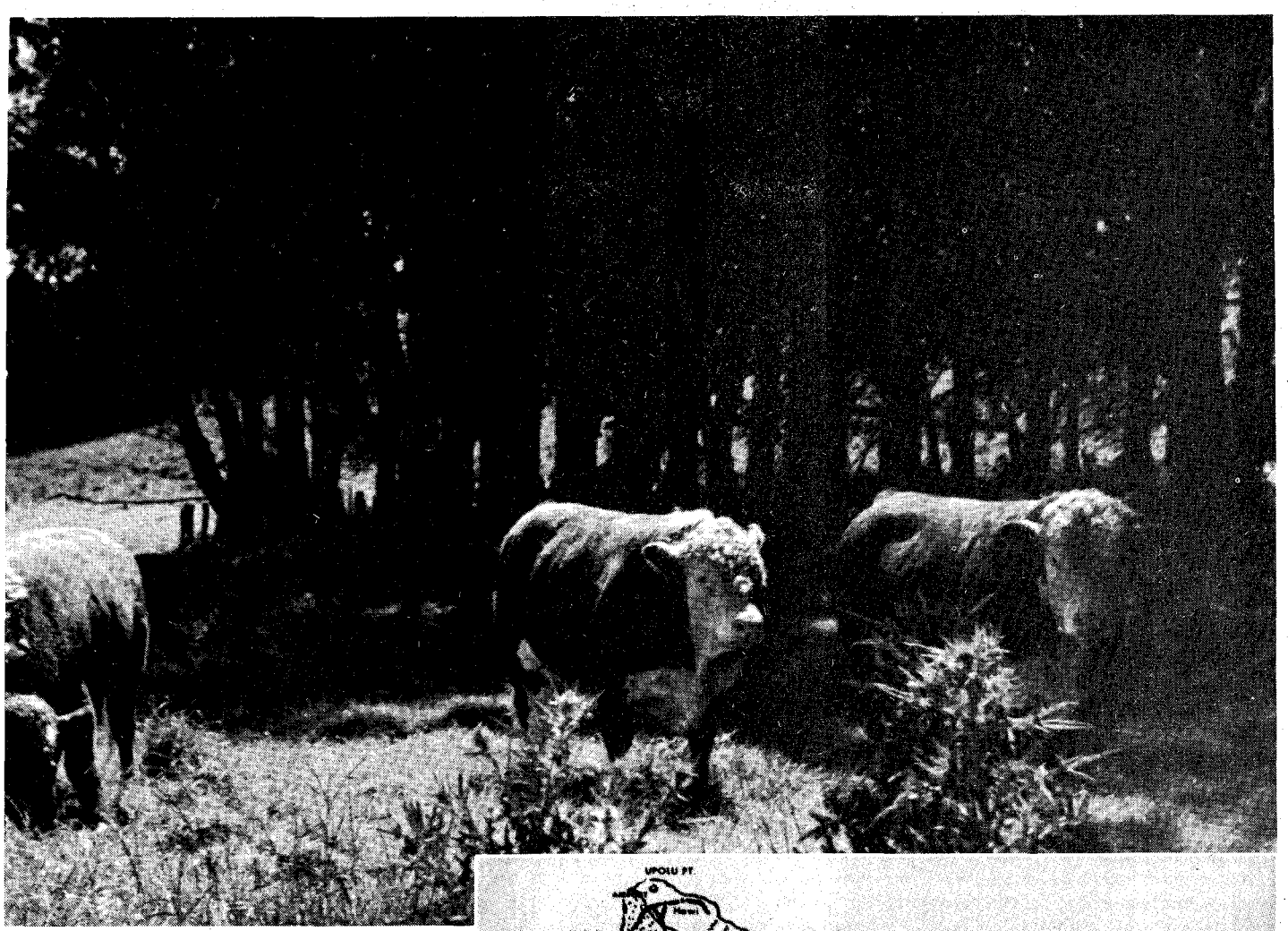


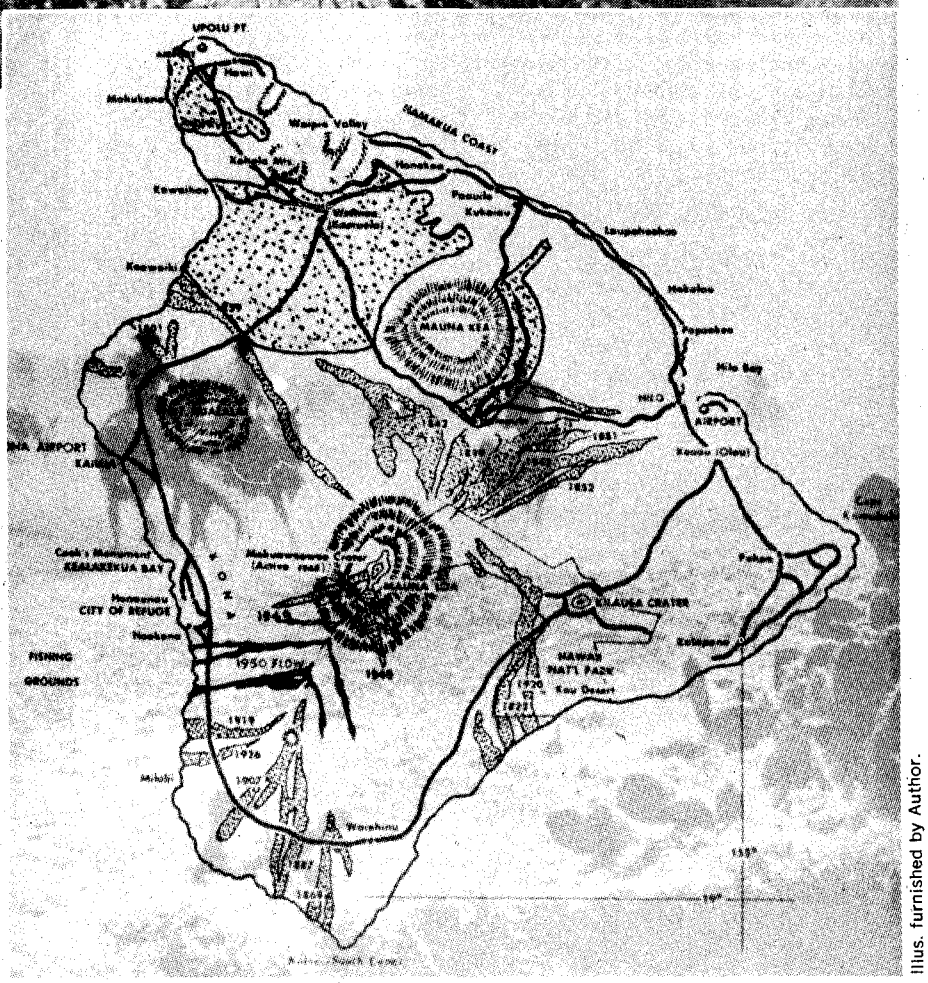
enjoying the easy life—while it lasts.

unexpectedly, usually in groups of from three to ten. In the spring there might be as many as 50 in a band. They were not too bothersome, except for stealing anything left unguarded.

By the time Deems, an only child, was 14 his mother had taught him to read and write and use good grammar, and he could recite the multiplication table backward as well as forward. His father had taught him how to handle horses and cattle and a percussion-cap rifle. When Jeremy gave Deems a revolver for the lad's 17th birthday he soon became proficient with it, too.

During colt foaling time Deems spent many long days out with the mares protecting their offspring from lobos, and this chore gave him a lot of pistol practice. After sundown every evening he rode home to supper, hungry after a long day with the stock. Then his dad would take over for the night.

One fateful May day Deems rode in to find the ranch house gutted and still smouldering around the charred bodies of his mother and father. When he overcame his initial shock Deems read the cause in the twilight. Indian sign was everywhere. Undoubtedly a large band, or maybe a war party, of Comanches had raided



Illus. furnished by Author.

Kamuela (upper dotted area) is Parker Ranch headquarters to where Juan Sanchez and Deems Purdy gravitated in 1800's.

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the lonely ranch and his parents had defended themselves while life remained with them.

Before midnight he had ridden over to the Johnsons and told his tale of woe. They fed him and commiserated but there was little else they could do. The next day he returned to what was left of his ancestral homestead. He spent the day with the burial and salvaging anything he could carry, then he turned all the stock loose, and leading an extra horse headed down along the Colorado to the large town of Austin. He found himself a homesick lad in a strange town, but two soldiers befriended him, and he volunteered to serve with them in a cavalry regiment that was being recruited in the capital city. The news was that fighting had broken out between the Yankees and the Confederacy and had blown up into a Civil War between the States. All strong young men were needed to fight for the southern cause.

July 1863 found him in Pickett's brigade; charging up Cemetery Ridge he had his horse shot out from under him. The tide of battle flowed and ebbed and what was left of the gallant brigade retired toward Vicksburg. The war—now under Pemberton—raged on and Deems was one of 30,000 men who eventually surrendered to Grant. From then on all he gleaned about the war was from rumors that filtered into the prisoner-of-war compound.

He was liberated in June of 1865. The South of mint juleps and tradition was a world of pain and ruin, and he left it. He made his lonely way west and eventually to the old homestead, a spot that had drawn him like a magnet.

There wasn't anything left to see—even the two graves he'd made five years before were overgrown with weeds and grass, and overrun by the feral cattle that still roamed the silent prairie.

Saddened and some discouraged with the way life had treated him, he obeyed his instincts and rode farther west. California, he had heard, was a land of gold and glory. Santa Fe, Mesilla, Tucson—getting through Apacheria had been as bad as Cemetery Ridge—but he made it across Arizona, a war disoriented man, seeking something. Maybe it was beyond the setting sun.

Juan Sanchez, at the age of 20, left his home in Caborca, Sonora, for two reasons. He was the youngest of a flock of eight and as such had been living on leftovers—and he had received a letter that intrigued him. The letter was from his oldest brother, Tomas, who had flown the flock seven years previously, in 1859. The letter was postmarked Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, and was about two months old, having had a roundabout trip enroute. There wasn't much of Tomas' letter still readable, but the essence of it was: "Come on, Juan... getting rich in the cattle business..."

That was all Juan needed; he had saved up 40 pesos for just such a chance. He had earned the money, a peso a week, as a vaquero enslaved on the huge Torres hacienda. He headed north through the Quitovac hills, then westerly, walking and living off the land until he arrived at San Luis where the Rio Colorado flows into the Gulfo de California. By now he was ragged, starved, thirsty and craving companionship.

He blew his 40 pesos in a cantina with the help of a friendly dancer named Carmelita. The next day she was gone, leaving him with an awful hangover and the dirty shirt on his back. He gravitated to the horse corrals on the edge of town. When he thought no one was looking, he mounted a saddled horse. He hadn't gone more than five steps when a lariat looped out of nowhere and yanked him out of the saddle. The horse's owner jumped on him and proceeded to tie the rope around him. But Juan was stronger and suddenly desperate. He fought free, killed the man with his own belt gun, robbed the body of hat, shirt and money and remounted the horse. The American border was only a few kilometers away and Juan crossed it at a brisk gallop. He didn't slow down until he arrived at Yuma City.

When he rode his stolen mount through the back gate of the Crossing Stables, he saw a man riding in the front gate. After stabling their horses the new arrivals eyed each other. Within minutes the pair were sipping tequilla together at the ABC Bar while waiting for the cocinero to bring their order of beef enchilladas; both men then worked a half day cleaning up the kitchen for their food and drink. They slept in the plaza and the next morning, like life-long friends, Deems Purdy and Juan Sanchez forded the river and were headed into the westerly sun toward San Diego. From there they worked their way as deck hands on a merchantman schooner bound for the South Seas via Hamakua, Hawaii Island (Big Island), Sandwich Is-

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A big naming event on the gently rolling countryside—a Parker Ranch branding.

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lands, where they promptly jumped ship.

A half century earlier, in 1813, John Palmer Parker, blue-eyed, red-headed, 5 feet 10-3/4 inches, aged 21 and descendant of the Mayflower Pilgrims, saw his chance and jumped ship at Malenkona, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands. The warriors of King Kamehameha I captured him before his clothes had dried on his back. He was taken before the king and after a lengthy interview was welcomed into the domain and was given two acres of land.

To bond his relationship John Palmer Parker married Kipikane, the vivacious daughter of one of Kamehameha's chieftains. This union was eventually blessed with the arrival of Mary Ann, then Ebenezer, and John Jr.

John Sr. never again left the islands and during his 55 years of citizenship he experienced only one insuperable problem: a legacy left by George Vancouver, British explorer, in 1793. It was like a plague that worsened as time went on...

Vancouver, in gratitude for the hospitality and assistance provided him and his crew while they repaired their reef-damaged clipper in 1793, had presented Kamehameha The Great with six head of Jersey cattle—1 bull, 3 heifers, 2 cows—cattle that customarily were hauled along on the clipper ships to provide fresh milk and meat for the crews.

Kamehameha The Great had politely accepted the gift, but said nothing about what he'd do with it. After the clipper sailed, the king ordered the cattle turned loose in the lush grassy hills of the vast Waimea plateau. They ran wild and free and multiplied rapidly, and within 10 years they got competition: Richard Cleveland's schooner, out of Boston in 1803, was grounded on nearby reefs and a score of horses broke loose and swam ashore. The horses, of Hambletonian stock, also did all right by themselves in the wide Kona grass slopes surrounding the volcanos, and in the fragrant sandalwood forests during the rainy seasons. By the time Parker arrived in 1813, the cattle and horses were too numerous to count, and the two species had increased to epidemic proportions.

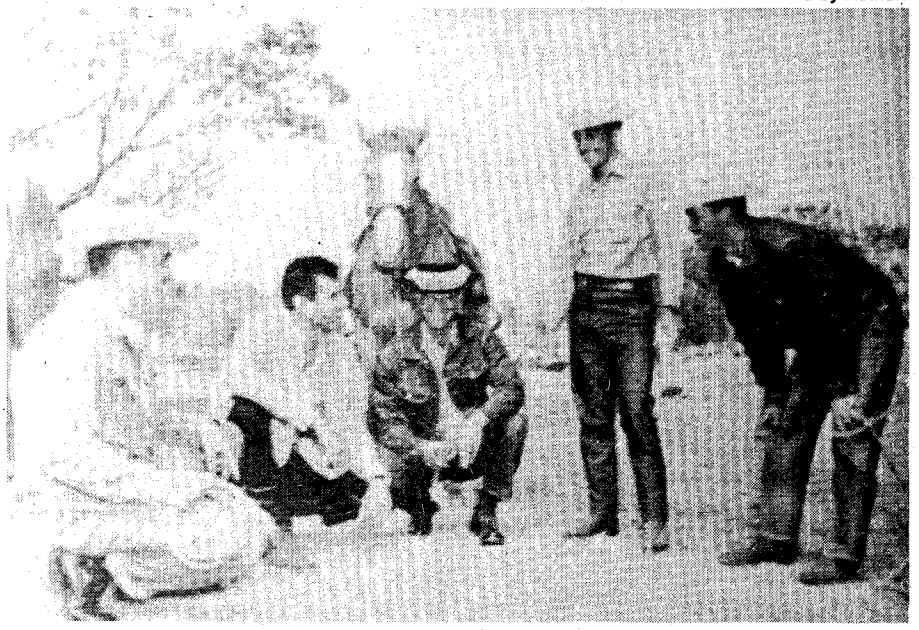
In this "emergency" Parker recalled something about livestock from his boyhood days—and Kamehameha made him chief "Parker Cowboy" or paka paniola of the great feral herds. To Parker the obvious solution of the cattle plague was to cull them. He organized his tribesmen into gangs and armed them with spears and clubs and the few guns available. On foot they chased the cattle into cul-de-sacs where the scrubs were clubbed to death—in some cases herds were frightened into jumping off the volcanic cliffs. This slaughter soon galled the thrifty New England soul of John Parker, but he saw no other way out of the dilemma. As for the horses, they were too fleet to be trapped.

Word that wild cattle herds were so great in Hawaii that they were like a plague spread to other parts of the world. In the natural perversity of things, cattlemen in America, Australia, New Zealand and England began shipping in Hereford, Durham, Holstein, Devonshire, Texas Longhorns, and even more Jersey bulls, strong in their stubborn belief that these purebloods would soon create herds easy to domesticate and capture.

Mexican Agriculturalist Don Marin, in 1836, sent in a shipload of kiawe (screwbean) bean seed—known in the Sonora desert as mesquite—to be sown in the volcanic ash swales of Big Island where, as forage, the beans would soon make the cattle so fat they couldn't run out of their own tracks.

And these ideas worked—but not as planned. The new breeds joined the wild herds and along with the new high-protein forage which began to choke the range, soon produced a longhorn strain (average bull horn two feet long and five feet from tip to tip) that was unequalled anywhere for size, health, good beef and sheer orneriness.

Illus. furnished by Author.



Parker Ranch personnel; happy Hawaiians from l. to r. are: Daniel Kaniho; Richard Smart; Chas. Stevens; Joe Hui; W. Stevens.

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Parker Ranch 125th Anniversary Celebration, January, 1962. At far left is owner Richard Palmer Smart. Joe Pacheco is flag-bearer.

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By 1849 a demand for good beef miraculously presented itself; whaling ships and China clippers began making Malenkona a regular provisioning point for fresh beef. Parker's first delivery was 50 barrels of salt-preserved meat; within a year the smallest delivery was 150 barrels. Ships stood by and took their turns getting their galleys stocked. This ready market going begging was more than the prudent Parker could let go by the board. Desperate for experienced men to help fill the need, Parker appealed, in 1858, to America and Mexico for cowboys to come and help reap the bonanza.

He got no immediate response from America, but six people responded from Mexico—three young men, namely Pacheco, Vierra, Toledo—and their wives. They also brought along 10 mustangs that were trained cutting horses.

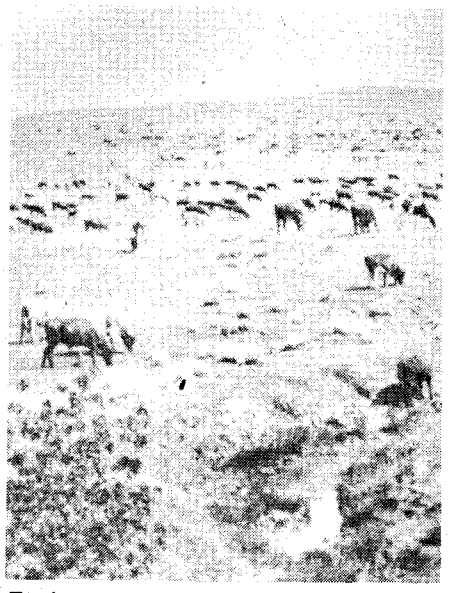
The vaqueros were good cattlemen, all right, but their ideas on how to handle the Hawaiian problem did not jibe with those of John Palmer Parker. Friction grew and the Mexicans abruptly joined forces with a clan of unscrupulous hapas (mixed-bloods) and soon were cheating Parker out of his monopoly. They rustled his cattle, then undersold him at the wharf on the opposite side of the island.

The Honolulu Advertiser, August 11, 1859, said: "First cowboys were brought from Mexico to show the Hawaiians how to drive and handle cattle . . . brought poor results . . ."

At the height of the turmoil in 1859, Juan Sanchez' brother Tomas arrived, seeking adventure; he had heard about the rustlers in Hawaii and had brought his favorite saddle horse—a black Andalusian stallion—with him, along with the newest model rifle and two revolvers.

After an interview with Parker, Tomas sided in with him—and opposed the high-grading tactics of his former countrymen. They, in turn, ostracized Tomas. Undaunted, he worked with Parker from dawn to dark, attended luaus at night, made friends among the natives and recruited help. He had been in Hawaii only a few weeks when he married a native girl named Kalahae.

Parker made Tomas Sanchez his luna, or segundo, (foreman). The original trio of vaqueros—Pacheco, Vierra, Toledo—made their first counter-move, which was to send for a caballada of 50 ranch-trained saddle horses from Mexico, 10 stallions and 40 mares. When 50 half-wild scrubby mustangs arrived instead, preparations to corral them had not been made, and soon most of them escaped and merged with the descendants of Hambletonians originally brought by Cleveland from New England who now roamed the arboreal *midland hills*.



By 1849 a demand for good beef had presented itself. Malenkona became a regular provisioning point for fresh beef. Above: Cattlemen verify a brand. Below: Cattle roam freely before the roundup begins.

As a whole, however, Parker and Tomas made progress and somehow those hungry ship crews were being satisfied. Cattle were no longer slaughtered just to get rid of them. Even the hides were saved, tanned, and the manteca was rendered into tallow and shipped to Australia, China and Japan to a ready market for these products.

Kamehameha The Great had died of old age and his son Kamehameha II became king. Prosperity continued, but tension fostered by rumors was also growing. In the meanwhile the three Parker children grew up, robust and ambitious, married into the Kamehameha clans, and helped their parents rule their empire that by 1864 had grown from two acres to over 500,000 acres, with about 40,000 head of cattle and over 8,000 horses.

(Only the King Ranch in Texas and the Miller & Lux Ranch in California were ever bigger. John Palmer Parker Sr., who rose from rags to riches then spent his declining years in his Honolulu mansion, died there on Oahu on March 25, 1868, at the age of 78, the wealthiest and most influential white man in the vast Central Pacific.)

In 1865 a feisty looking seaman jumped ship at Hilo and was captured and brought before John Parker Jr. The captive said his name was Lassiter. He claimed he was a Texan who had been shanghaied on the Barbary Coast, and that he was a cattleman, not a seaman. Needing all the help he could get, Parker accepted Lassiter with reservations, but the man soon proved he could ride a horse, throw a rope and shoot a gun.

Not being one who believed in hard work and poor pay, he helped with the cattle as he saw fit, and took unto himself a wahine (woman) who had a shack on Ookaka Beach, where he spent most of his time as a net fisherman.

This was the general situation when, early in 1866, Deems Purdy and Juan Sanchez disembarked from the merchantman schooner at Hamakua. Tomas was on hand to greet his younger brother, and took him and Deems to meet John Parker Jr., who soon made the two new arrivals welcome. A big luau (feast) was set for that night which the morose Lassiter attended, but he seemed mostly interested in the new model Colt .45 that Deems Purdy had strapped to his hip.

(Continued on page 51)

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LITTLE FLOWER'S PATH OF BLOOD

(Continued from page 37)

Lee Ming Fong's $3,000 had been very well spent indeed.

With such a prize at stake, schemes are sure to sprout. Someone accused Fong of dealing in opium. His house was raided. Officers didn't find any dope, but they took an interest in the demure Bow Kum.

"Me belong him," she said pointing to the smiling Fong. That was all she would, or could, say. The police demanded a marriage certificate. Fong naturally didn't have one, but he produced a receipt for $3,000 which he had paid for her. That was a mistake.

While the white men honored a business contract, they didn't hold it valid when a human life was a pawn. Fong didn't understand and chattered shrilly when the police took his Bow Kum away with them.

Bow Kum was not happy at the mission house and she could not understand why she couldn't go home to Fong. "You can never return to Lee Ming Fong," one pinched-faced harridan told her. "You aren't married and it is illegal."

Bow Kum's pretty face creased in puzzlement. She could not understand the inscrutable white man's ways, nor did she know enough English to demand her rights. She realized she was being held, and if there was a choice Bow Kum would choose Fong rather than the crabby people now in charge of her affairs.

Since he seemed to be holding a busted flush anyway, Fong conspired with one Mar Tan to announce this man's desire to marry Bow Kum. The mission people were delighted to have the puzzle solved this easily and arrangements were made, but suddenly canceled. Someone tipped them that Mar Tan was paying over $3,000 to Fong for his vested rights in the girl. Nothing doing, the settlement house people said.

By that time Mar Tan wouldn't be put down. He went against his contract, secretly married Bow Kum and left the area.

Fong was enraged. He sent word that he would have either his money, Bow Kum, or someone's head and he didn't care much which it was.

Mar Tan and Bow Kum settled down, far enough away from San Francisco that ailing, aged Lee Ming Fong didn't want to make the trip. Besides he was a respected member of the Hip Sing Tong, and those Chinese secret societies had a way of dealing with problems which the white man's law didn't adequately cover. Fong took his problems to the elders in the tong council and they sent word to a Hip Sing Tong chapter in Los Angeles where Mar Tan was thought to be residing.

Mar Tan was a member in good standing of the On Leong Tong and they considered the demands of the Hip Sings, then rejected it. It was a declaration of war.

The first casualty of the war was Bow Kum. Mar Tan came home to find her in a pool of blood from a stab in the heart. Four of her fingers had been severed and the murder weapon, a long knife, stood upright in the floor. Clearly it was the first tong murder.

Mar Tan was arrested, as were two *boo how doys* (hatchet men) but all were released within a short time.

A week later one of the Hip Sings was found sprawled in an alley, his head severed.

Two highbinders were found dead the next day.

Three the following day.

The area became a battlefield, with all members going armed and rarely alone. Particularly dangerous was the Chinese Alley which became known as "Bloody Alley," where no one in his right mind would venture after dark. Seldom in daylight.

One corner was especially dangerous because the buildings overhung in such a way as to make it impossible to see far ahead. It was a perfect place for an ambush.

There the hatchet men stood ready to lay a snickersnee or a razor-edged hatchet in a vital area, then flee in the dark to some place where they couldn't be found.

Though pistols were the usual weapon for settling accounts in the early days, few Chinese ever mastered their use. Most of the skilled highbinders who could split a dimple at forty feet would hold a pistol at arm's length, close their eyes and pull the trigger until empty.

Mock Duck, a Hip Sing leader, was one of the few who could use a gun, but probably only because he carried two of them and thus had a dozen shots to hit his target.

One Chinese comic, Ah Hoon, was a member of the On Leongs and used his skill as an entertainer to mock the Hip Sings. He made an error in so doing. The Hip Sings notified Ah Hoon that he would die on the night of December 30.

Ah Hoon didn't take such a threat lightly and three policemen guarded him all during his performance. Naturally there was a full house that evening because all of Chinatown wondered if the Hip Sings would make good.

Ah Hoon got through the act successfully and safely, then was escorted to his small room. Tong members guarded the door, since his only window looked out on a blank wall across the court. Word was spread that the Hip, Sings had lost face because they had failed in their brag.

Next morning, it was quite another story. Ah Hoon was found dead in his room—shot! Later, it was discovered that the Hip Sings had lowered a man in a chair with a rope from the roof. Ah Hoon had been murdered by a shot through the one window which was supposed to be safe.

The New Year's celebration was grander than usual, as word had been spread that a truce had been arranged. Dragons were flaunted, firecrackers were set off, but when the audience finally filed out, five remained behind.

The five, highbinders all, were corpses. During the commotion, firecrackers and celebration, members of the Hip Sings had slipped up behind the five On Leongs and shot them in the head.

The bloody tong war raged for more than five years. No exact figures were ever assessed, but about 250 men were wounded and 100 killed.

It was indeed a blood-spattered Sweet Little Flower. ●

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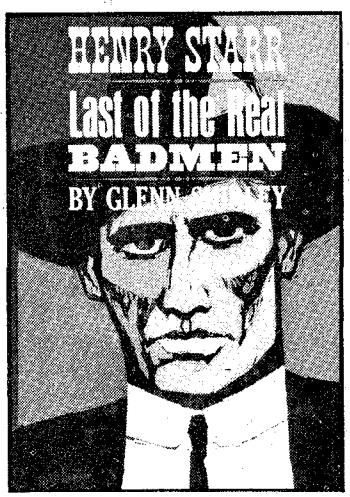

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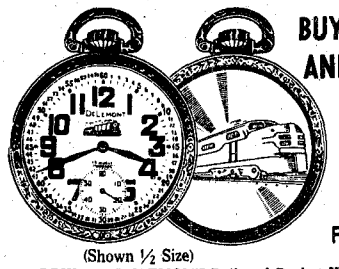

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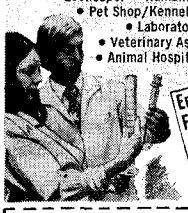

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AUNTIE MAY AND SITTING BULL

(Continued from page 33)

I came to the conclusion that the Ghost Dance *is nothing more than the old Sun Dance revived.* They all looked at the sun as they danced. They stopped going round now and then, and all faced the sun standing in a straight line with uplifted faces and outstretched arms, moaning a most horrible moan. Then they raised themselves on their toes, and then lowered themselves, raising and lowering their bodies and groaning dismally. Then they joined hands and with heads strained backward, watched the sun and prayed to it until one after another fell down with dizziness and weariness, wallowing and rolling on the ground and frothing at the mouth.

Others were throwing their arms about and running around and whooping like madmen, while still trying to keep their eyes fixed toward the sun.

They have not yet cut themselves, as in the old Sun Dance, but yesterday I heard this talk: "If one cuts himself, he is more *wakan* and can see and talk with the Messiah."

So that will be the next step. Heads of animals have already been brought in which, if the Government does not interfere, will be tied to the flesh as of old. Then the Sun Dance will be complete.

This is all done to keep the people savage. Sitting Bull says: "They did not regard my wishes in selling the land and opening the reservation. I will be chief. I can only be chief by keeping my people in a savage condition. If they become civilized, I shall go down."

The Government should use wisdom in time, save blood, and save all that has been gained by hard and constant labor and prayer—by sending Sitting Bull and three or four other leaders entirely away from the Indians and from each other. There is no time now for false sentiment. Better sacrifice a few than have the whole race exterminated. We all know what another Indian war means.

The rumor that General Ruger, who has been here, has gone without doing anything, has so emboldened the bad element that those of us who have the most confidence in Indians fear the result. It is time that the Government should put a stop to this degrading dance, and so to Sitting Bull's influence. A few years in a prison learning English and a good trade would have a quieting influence upon the old man and his followers, whereas, if he dies, he will be worshipped as a martyr.

My heart ached last night as I thought of these people.

It is over. Sitting Bull is dead!

The order for his arrest came by wire from the War Department on Friday, December 12. It was contrary to Agent McLaughlin's judgement to attempt the arrest at that time since the ghost craze was so high. It was agreed that if the arrest were to be made, it should take place on Saturday or on a bi-weekly ration day when the greater portion of Sitting Bull's followers would be away at the Agency receiving their rations. A consultation was held with the post commander, and it was decided to defer the arrest until Saturday morning.

In the meantime, Sitting Bull was to be kept under the strictest surveillance by the Indian police to prevent his leaving the reservation.

I have at hand a communication from Mr. McLaughlin answering my inquiries concerning Sitting Bull's death, and I shall quote from it now. Agent McLaughlin says:

"Sitting Bull sent a courier, Bull Ghost, to me on the twelfth saying that he was going to go to Pine Ridge to learn about the religion there, and if I did not give him permission he would go anyhow. I wrote him a long letter and sent it to him by his courier, giving him good advice. I told him that he must not attempt to leave Standing Rock else he would bring trouble upon himself. (He had, for some time previous, been fitting his horses for a long and fast ride and was keeping about forty horses for himself and followers in corrals at night ready to leave at any moment.)

"On Sunday evening at 4:00 p.m., a courier arrived at the Agency with a report from Bull Head saying that Sitting Bull was preparing to leave, and might start at any moment; that if he got the start, he being well mounted, the police could not overtake him, and therefore wanted to make the arrest at once.

I reported these facts to the post commander, who directed the arrest to be made without further delay, and the order was sent for the police to make the arrest the following morning. The cavalry would start at midnight to escort them to the Agency, and also to be within supporting distance if needed.

"The police made the arrest at daybreak, giving Sitting Bull time to dress. Since he sent to the house of his son for some clothes, considerable time was consumed during which he became very insolent and abusive and finally absolutely refused to accompany them to the Agency. Whereupon the police took him out of his house, but upon getting him out-of-doors they found themselves entirely surrounded by the old man's followers, all highly excited. They expostulated and reasoned with the crowd and doubtless would have succeeded in getting him away without harm if it were

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not for a few of the more aggressive leaders and for Sitting Bull himself, who gave the order for his people to rescue him.

"At this moment Catch-the-Bear and Strike-the-Kettle dashed through the crowd and both fired, one at Bull Head and one at Shave Head (Indian policemen who stood on either side of Sitting Bull). Catch-the-Bear fired first and shot Bull Head in the right side, Bull Head wheeled and shot Sitting Bull in the right side between the tenth and eleventh ribs. About the same instant Bull Head received two more shots, one in the leg above the knee and one in the right forearm, both shots shattering the bones dreadfully."

As soon as Catch-the-Bear fired at Bull Head, Policeman He-Alone-Is-A-Man shot and killed Catch-the-Bear. The fight became general—thirty-nine police and four volunteers against 150 of the opposite party. The fight lasted but a few minutes, but it was very fierce."

Agent McLaughlin then gives a list of the killed and wounded. Continuing, he says:

"I feel sad over the loss of those noble and brave policemen who died executing orders and maintaining the integrity of the Government against the evilly disposed of their own people, and it proves the loyalty of Indians. Many of these policemen have fathers and brothers in the ranks opposing them. They drove the attacking Indians from the grounds and into the woods some distance and remained as cool as though on dress parade. They took charge of all women and children and placed them in neighboring buildings for safety even after many of the women had attacked the police with clubs and knives. They simply disarmed their attackers and placed them under guard. The loss of so many men is very much regretted, but well disposed Indians are pleased that the end has been reached and universal satisfaction is expressed at the outcome. It would seem that this was the last bold stand of paganism against civilization and the ghost craze is dead so far as the Indians of Standing Rock are concerned."

As for myself, (Mary Clementine Collins confided to her diary), I am convinced that it was a mistake to mass the troops of soldiers on the frontier in the beginning. If the great military display had not been made, the ghost dancers would have soon become tired and quieted down. But when the soldiers were brought up, the Indians became frightened and thought they would all be killed. They reasoned it would be just as well to be killed fighting as any other way.

The resident army officers, the agents, and all who were stationed at the Agen-

(Continued on page 46)

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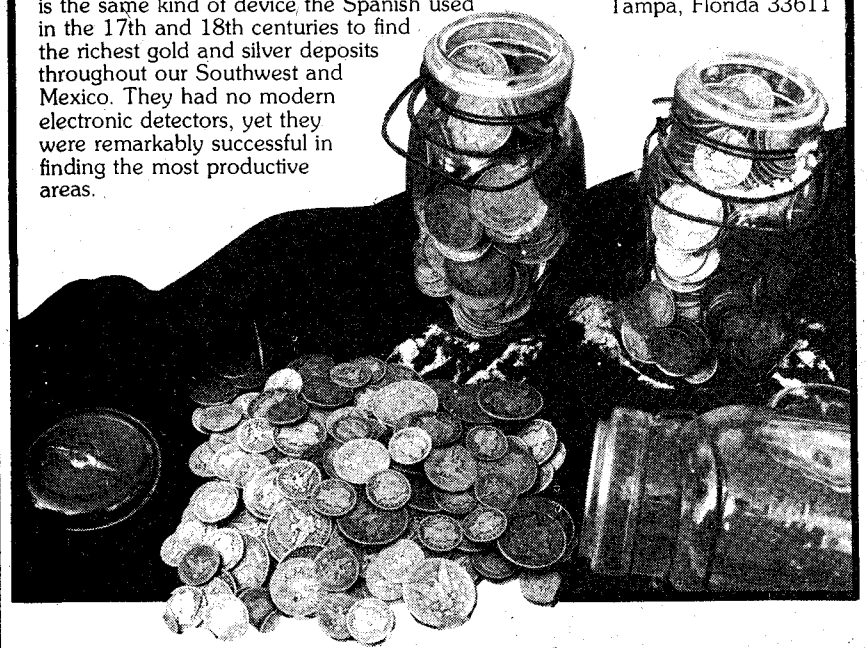

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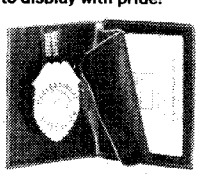

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AUNTIE MAY

(Continued from page 45)

cies are also convinced that a mistake was committed. Probably the settlers in the little frontier towns were as much to blame as the Indians. The report that certain forts were to be abandoned in the spring caused them to set up a hue and cry, as the business of the towns largely depended upon the presence of soldiers. All summer long they were selling the Indians arms and supplies and then demanding that the Government take the arms away.

The claim that the agents were cheating the Indians is absurd. It is next to impossible to make a false return. Every time a pound of tea is issued the act has to be witnessed by three persons, and four persons witness the issuance of every article of clothing. More bookkeeping is required than in any large business house in this country.

A great deal of trouble arises from the frequent changes of agents for political purposes. An agent has to learn a great many things in order to deal successfully with the Indians, and about the time he becomes familiar with the work, he is removed. We are very fortunate to have been able to keep Mr. McLaughlin in office for sixteen years. He is an excellent man. I think our people are better off under the present system. It would be a great mistake to place control of the Indians under the War Department.

Sitting Bull has always been an enemy of the Government, and did all that he could to make his people enemies of it. He saw that his power waned in the same ratio that the Indians became civilized. He told me himself that if his people became civilized, he would go down. Little Eagle, who was a deacon in our church, told me many times that Sitting Bull should be taken to the East, and that was the sentiment of the majority of the Indians.

My heart is heavy because Little Eagle lost his life in the performance of his police duty when Sitting Bull was taken. It is over, but I regret that the old man had to die.

I suppose by this time—January 13, 1891—you have heard all the news about Sitting Bull's burial at Fort Yates. But did you hear that the bodies of those killed with him were left at the village when it was evacuated at the time of the fight?

Mr. Riggs, (Reverend T.L. Riggs, son of Stephen Return Riggs, pioneer missionary of South Dakota), felt very strongly about it, and on New Year's Day, he went out from Oahe with ten Christian Indians, including Elias Gilbert (our native teacher) to bury the dead.

Mr. Riggs and Elias went in a buckboard and the others went on horseback. They spent the night at the police station on Oak Creek. Early the next morning they arrived at the village and found it completely deserted. They discovered that the bodies had only been gathered together and laid in a cabin at the corner of a field diagonally in front of Sitting Bull's house facing the timber along the river. A long grave was dug in which they buried the bodies.

Their task completed, the Indians went to look for food, since they had not brought any with them for themselves and Mr. Riggs had not prepared provisions for so large a party. There was nothing left in Sitting Bull's house; its furnishings and household goods were spread about outside. Apparently the flight after the fight was made in such haste that nothing was picked up and even the tents were left standing.

The Indians found some eggs and killed two of Sitting Bull's chickens and then asked permission to kill two young dogs to eat. Mr. Riggs gave permission and the Indians enjoyed a feast of what they consider a delicacy.

Mr. Riggs feels very sad over the whole affair, and says that he sees no reason in it at all. He says that doubtless good may come of it, but if it does, it is dearly bought.

The Messiah Craze did one good thing. It broke into old established customs and rules as regarding the old Indian religion. As a consequence, all our meetings are overflowing and our schoolhouse is crowded.

Indians who used to take pride in saying they had never been to church or called upon "Winona" for medicine, now come and assure me that they wish to be counted as belonging to us. Men are bringing their wives and children, asking that they be enrolled in our various church societies, hoping after a time to unite with the church. They hold meetings among themselves, read the Bible, pray and sing, cut off their long hair and put on white men's clothes. Nearly all the women now dress in white women's dresses.

All of Sitting Bull's relatives and friends have moved to Pine Ridge, and since all their property was either taken away or stolen while they were held at Fort Yates, it is understandable. Only One Bull, Sitting Bull's nephew, is still with us.

March 1, 1894... One Bull, a nephew of Sitting Bull, is one of the most progressive Indians in our village. He has had very few advantages, but he is a natural leader and a man with a clear head. Since he is forty years old, the Government is not interested in sending him East to school. What an influence he could be on his people if he could

A portrait in oils of Sitting Bull, whom Auntie May knew extremely well.

have this opportunity he so longs for. Although he has not lived near enough to our village school to have become educated there, he has a Bible and with the help of friends he has learned to read.

Not long ago he brought one of his young sisters to us that she might attend the Oahe Boarding School, telling us that he must strengthen his people by educating them. Thus it is that the younger members of Sitting Bull's family are now in our school.

Last year during the Ghost Dance craze, we heard rumors that One Bull was going to leave our village and take part in these religious rites. He came to me feeling very much aggrieved and spoke out firmly: "Whenever I feel like leaving, I shall tell you myself. Until I tell you, keep your ears closed to others on that subject."

One Bull is still with us. He is the strongest man the Sitting Bull family now has, and it pleases us that he is a Christian.

Rain-in-the-Face is also a progressive. He came to me a number of times several years ago asking to be sent off to a school, but the Government would not let him go. He was too old, they said. I believe that if he had gone, he would today be a strong influence over his people for good, which is certainly needed in these times. Once, when begging us to intercede for him that he might go East to school, he said: "I want to know the white man and his ways. I have brains and heart untrained. I wish to set my steps forward; to rise and not fall. Let me go to school and learn, as a little child learns, to read and to write, so I may help my people.

Our older women, too, who in childhood had no opportunity to attend school, long for education. Often a woman with her baby riding royally upon the mother's back, comes into our little schoolhouse. And while the mother keeps the cradleboard gently swaying to keep the baby asleep, she studies the primer. Many women in our village are learning

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to read in this manner. Even Little Eagle's wife is among them. Since her husband's death at the time Sitting Bull was killed last December, this woman has tried very hard to lay aside the old customs and adopt those that will lead to a brighter and happier life. If only we had more schools for my Indians so that their hungering and thirsting after knowledge could be satisfied!

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My Great-Aunt Mary Clementine Collins, a wispy, red-haired descendant of pre-Revolutionary Americans, was twenty-nine years old when her energetic determination drew her to Dakota Territory in the fall of 1875. Having earned her M.A. degree at Ripon College, Wisconsin, she further passed examinations as an M.D., following such recognition with ordination as a minister of the Congregational Church.

Determined to be a missionary, she applied to the American Missionary Association for assignment to the islands of Micronesia, but the officers of that organization were convinced she was too frail for duty in such "unfavorable" climate. Instead, they offered her a post in the more moderate atmosphere of the Dakotas! Among the Sioux!

Missionary work was missionary work wherever the Lord sent her, philosophized Auntie May. If she were not to save the souls of Polynesian natives, she would save the souls of American natives. Dakota it was, and Dakota it remained for most of the thirty-five years of her dedicated missionary labors.

There were early problems, but Auntie May was not one to be awed by problems, preferring to awe others with her remarkable ability to temper determination and discipline with sincere love. An understanding and tender physician, she was soon recognized by the Sioux as "the medicine woman;" then she was adopted into a Sioux tribe as Winona (princess). But always was this lady—too frail to live in far-off Micronesia—hailed by her friends as Auntie May, one of the family. One might amend that to say the greater family of man.

Her correspondence with her family, and her reports to the American Board of Missions, read like a history of Sioux life during the Indian Wars period. The friend of many Indian chiefs, she defended her "adopted family" at every opportunity, although not averse to scolding and criticizing (as she did Sitting Bull) when her charges were at fault. ●

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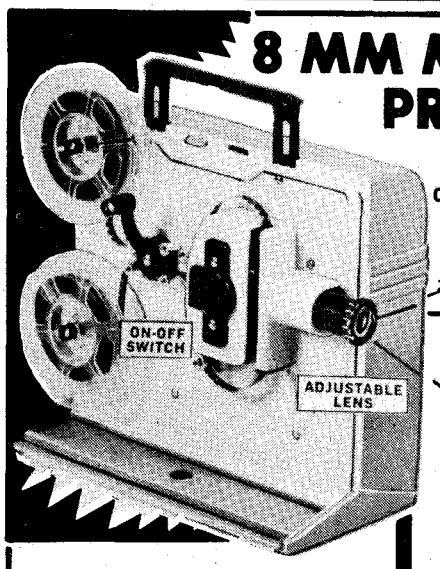

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BEAR RIVER SMITH

(Continued from page 12)

the gulch that was some fifty miles from Fort Bridger on Black Fork. Settlers were lured off the Overland Trail to swell their population. Leigh Freeman started a newspaper, The Pioneer *Index*, and sent it to towns along the approaching U. P. line. Bear River brought in a wagon load of rifles to defend itself against gangs of roving outlaws and hostile Indians. They built a log stronghold for mutual defense.

Smith's crew and other work gangs sometimes were hit by raiding Indians that opposed the building of the railroad across Wyoming's red desert. The contractors also ran a "rifle car" with the advance gangs. This arsenal provided means for the men to help defend themselves when under attack. Jim Elms had a crew of Civil War veterans who could use guns. Big Tony's Italians were immigrants. Camp brawlings were common and bare knuckle fights a form of entertainment. Smith's fistic ability was the result of past experience in New York's bowery saloon bouts. Danny Corkle, the waterboy, took boxing lessons from Smith so he, a sixteen year old, could be a man amongst pugnacious associates. In competition the Irish held their own with Elms' veterans and Tony's maintenance gang. Each outfit had its champion fighter, wrestler, and whiskey drinker.

After the line topped the Continental Divide and snaked down into the canyon region of the west slope the crews came into Bear River vicinity.

From surveys and grading operations well ahead of the track laying crews Smith learned that the U.P. was bypassing Bear River in favor of developing Evanston, a new town mapped on their line. Bear River's sponsors were indignant at this rejection. They assumed the undesirables that had flocked to their town, expecting a boom, had accounted for the bypass decision. Efforts were made to clean things up as an inducement to have a spur line connect Bear River with the mainline. The town founders built a jail and a gallows near it and organized their own law and order force.

Brown's *Gazette*, the summer of 1868, gave this report on the town: "Bear River has now got 2000 population and 140 buildings. The town's chief occupations are selling whiskey, dancing, gambling, banking, merchandising and catering to travelers. The stores are crammed with merchandise that was shipped by train to railhead and hauled in by overland freighters. These stores operate on letters of credit on New York and Chicago banks that are the suppliers of towns along the U.P. railroad."

On November 3, 1868, the Pioneer *Index* printed this warning:

NOTICE

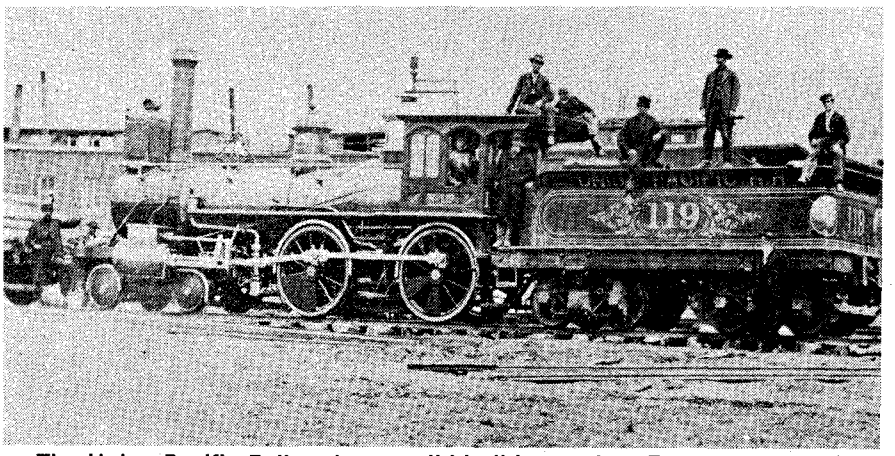
"ALL GARROTTERS ARE ORDERED TO LEAVE TOWN IN 36 HOURS OR HANG.

(signed)

GOOD CITIZENS COMMITTEE"

Smith advised his men to stay away from Bear River. Nevertheless, when public hangings were announced the excited Irishmen wanted to go there. The three men to be hung were accused of being garrotters who had been warned and had ignored the edict. Bear River's authority had to act. These opportunists, whom the soldiers ran out of Cheyenne, now became a vigilante power in their own community.

The day of the hanging bee Tom Smith accompanied his crew to town. Bear River's tin-starred sheriff supervised operations. The defenders armed with Henry rifles formed a guard line around jail and gibbet. The condemned men were lined up on the platform. Ropes were fixed around their necks. The court's sentence was read. The executions carried out. There was awesome silence as forms twitched in strangulation. On Front Street a woman amongst the onlookers shrieked and slumped to the ground. After a Doctor had pronounced the men dead the riflemen marched to their stronghold, stored their weapons, then hurried back to places of business to fleece the crowd of wage earners in town for the occasion.



The Union Pacific Railroad never did build a track to Bear River. After the riot, the oasis of opportunity became a deserted camp once more. What happened to Bear River? Almost nothing is left of the town today.

Smith's crew ventured closer to view the swinging bodies. Some men made signs of the cross. Moved by sympathy, they drifted to the resorts on Front Street as did other spectators. Smith looked the settlement over. New cabins, clothes lines, and children at play suggested what families had been siphoned off the Overland route by belief in a boom. These people had kept apart from the hanging exhibition and were just beginning to realize that they were in a lawless haven.

CREWS worked short handed for a week. Smith's men, in keeping with sentiment, had honored the gallow's victims with a three days wake. After sleeping off the binge the men started struggling back to the job. During cold weather Smith assigned the water boy to be cook's helper. Smith was unaware of Danny Corkle's absence until Jim Elm displayed the Pioneer *Index*. Danny was in jail with four other renegades awaiting a trial. Danny had been charged with fighting and resisting arrest. The others were accused of being criminals who had returned to town after the hangings. They were said to have bad reputations.

Freeman's editorial suggested more executions to impress renegades and railroaders: "Such men," he stated, "are army trained killers, foreign scum, and city thugs posing as workingmen."

Tom Smith's hands doubled into fists as he read. He agreed with Jim Elms that Danny Corkle might be in serious trouble.

The news spread from man to man and work gang to work gang. The holiday in Bear River had produced empty purses, broken skulls, and lingering hangovers. A burning desire for vengeance was provoked by Danny's arrest. It was cause enough to rally and march.

Tom Smith planned to confer with the judge and pay Danny Corkle's fine to get him out of the company of his jail associates. The Irish crew would not hear of it. As countrymen they wanted to stick by Danny. On November 11th, 1868, Tom Smith headed for town followed by his crew. They carried no weapons, although some men carried bars and work tools.

Jim Elms' veterans anticipated excitement and fell in line behind the Irish. Handcars rolled down track loaded with Tony's Italians, and from up front came teamsters, graders, and bridge builders. The *Index's contemptuous opinion of rail*roaders had united the gangs. Their tumultuous approach forewarned Bear River of their coming.

The two-gunned sheriff stood at the jail door. Six riflemen subject to his command were spread to the right and left of him. More riflemen were gathered up at their stronghold.

Smith halted the workers and advanced on the sheriff alone. It was now plain that the angry men were unarmed. The sheriff folded his arms across his chest.

Smith spoke his piece. He wanted Danny Corkle released. He would pay the fine. The boy was not to be penned up with undesirables.

A gleam came to the star-packer's eyes and his mouth tightened as he wagged his head in refusal.

Smith's temper triggered into action. He stood close enough to plant a short, hard jab to the sheriff's soft midriff. He had no chance to command the riflemen before the follow-up blow smashed his nose, and a swing to his jaw in 1-2-3 order laid him prone on the ground.

The Irishmen surged forward, the noisy crowd with them.

The guards awaiting orders were puzzled for the moment. Smith bellowed, "Back to your headquarters! Save yourselves!" The riflemen retreated to join their party at the stronghold.

Bars were applied to the jail door and it was pried open. Tom Smith pulled Danny Corkle through the opening. The Irishmen crowded around the youth and Smith.

"Back to the job," Smith ordered, and started off. Only a few of his men followed him.

Some maniacal impulse took possession of the railroaders. They took the jail apart log by log. The gallows was torn down and wrecked. There was no leadership to direct them. In an angry roar the men started for the Pioneer *Index* shop. Free-

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man, the editor, raced up Front Street and kept running. The shop with its canvas roof was destroyed and set ablaze. Then the crowd moved toward Front Street where the riflemen were.

Smith shouted, "No, no, no!" as he anticipated what would happen, but no one heeded his warning.

The riflemen had entered their stronghold and pushed guns out of portholes. Someone fired the first shot and the shooting started in earnest. Guns blasted from stores on Front Street and the rioters were caught in a crossfire. By instinct the aggregation scattered. The riflemen came out of their fort and took shots at running figures, raising shouts of triumph every time someone got hit by a bullet.

Tom Smith was appalled at the consequences. The field seemed matted with bodies. When he saw some of his men, who had laid down for safety, starting to get up he and others ignored the bullets to join these veterans in helping to get wounded men out of harm's way. When Smith looked back only the dead were left.

J. P. Ericson, a survivor of the riot, in later years claimed that 53 men were killed. Most historians call this an exaggeration. The fact is that no one knows how many were slain because the vigilantes made a pyre of the jail and gallows logs and cremated the victims.

NOTHING is left of Bear River today. Legends persist that merchants buried fortunes in gold during the four days of rioting, but no such treasure has ever been uncovered. The Union Pacific never did build a track to the town and after the riot the oasis of opportunity soon became a deserted camp once more. What little is known of Bear River came from newspaper files, Union Pacific archives, and historians at Wyoming universities. Bear River is also known as "Beartown".

Tom Smith rounded up the refugees in camp and brought out the doctor to treat the wounded men. Cold fury possessed workers. Elms sent a handcar up the track to the telegraph key and ordered the "rifle car" sent up front so workers could defend themselves. The request was refused as officials feared it would make a bad situation worse. The doctor was told to get children out of town as the men planned to attack. Wagons loaded with persons hastened out of town on the Overland route. The vigilantes accepted the challenge and built barricades to meet the night attack. Lacking rifles, the workers tried to burn Bear River off the map. This project was only half effective; but it terrified the merchants with big invoices. The third day they got word to Fort Bridger that an army of renegades had the town besieged and help was needed.

The troops arrived, and for some weeks patroled Bear River to preserve order. Tom Smith's standing with the crews was such that he was made police officer at Evanston, where many of the riff-raff had taken refuge, and later at the town of Echo on the U.P. Smith quit the railroad after the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory Point, Utah, to connect the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific from San Francisco.

BY THE END of summer there was clamor in Kansas for a Herd Law to control wandering stock. Feeling in Abilene was such that Joe McCoy decided to oppose T. G. Henry in the coming mayoral election.

On October 23, 1870, word was received in Abilene that Andrew McConnell had shot John Shea, a rancher whose stock invaded McConnell's wheat field. Sheriff Joseph Cramer and Deputy James H. McDonald drove out to Chapman Creek to investigate. They found Shea's body

In approaching the dugout that was McConnell's home, the sheriff met Moses Miles, a hired man, who said McConnell killed Shea in self defense. McConnell, in the dugout, threatened to kill the sheriff if he tried to enter it without a warrant. The sheriff had no warrant, so he returned to town to consult with others on what to do. The upshot of such procedure resulted in a warrant being issued; and it was placed in Tom Smith's hand to serve.

McDonald drove Smith to McConnell's farm on Chapman Creek. The hired man was splitting wood. He offered no answers to Smith's questions about McConnell's whereabouts. Deputy McDonald hastened to drive the wagon out of harm's way and watched Smith from a distance.

Tom Smith first searched a barn in which he found saddled horses. Peering from the barn, he saw Moses Miles, the hired man, run from the dugout back to his chopping block.

Tom Smith returned and headed for the dugout. He was heard to say, "I've got a warrant for your arrest McConnell. I advise you to surrender in peace."

McConnell warned that he would shoot any man that invaded his home.

Smith, holding the warrant in one hand, and a pistol in the other, walked right into the dugout door.

At the sound of a shot Deputy McDonald whipped up his horses and raced the team back to Abilene. He did not know what had happened. The sheriff formed a posse and returned to the farm. Tom Smith's dead body was found near the wood pile. He had been shot with a rifle and his head was half hacked off by a bloody ax. It was assumed Smith was shot in the dugout and ran after McConnell when he came out. Miles had finished him off with the ax. Both McConnell and Miles were missing.

Abilene was shocked at the death of their fearless marshal. The restraints Smith had imposed burst their bonds. The old whoopee order was re-established.

The sheriff's posse took the killers' trail and eventually captured both men alive. A lynch party tried to take the prisoners away from the Law, but the effort was defeated. McConnell and Miles were both brought to trial and found guilty. They received long terms in prison.

In the election for mayor Joe McCoy refeated T. G. Henry. Mayor McCoy realized that Abilene, facing one of its biggest trail herd years, would need a gunman type of marshal whom Texas riders could respect. McCoy hired a house gambler at the Alamo saloon for the job; his name was James Butler Hickok, better known as "Wild Bill."

Tom Smith, lacking known relatives, was buried with great ceremony on Abilene's boothill. In 1904 his remains were moved to a new cemetery and the grave properly marked with a stone and plaque. The inscription reads:

THOMAS JAMES SMITH
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THE LAST OF TOMBSTONE'S CHINESE

(Continued from page 31)

dries, households, restaurants, etc. She also had many other sidelines.

When China Mary died she was buried, by official permission, in Boothill Cemetery, one of the few women buried in Boothill and the only Chinese woman, as far as is known. Today a very imposing stone monument still rests over the grave of this enterprising matriarch.

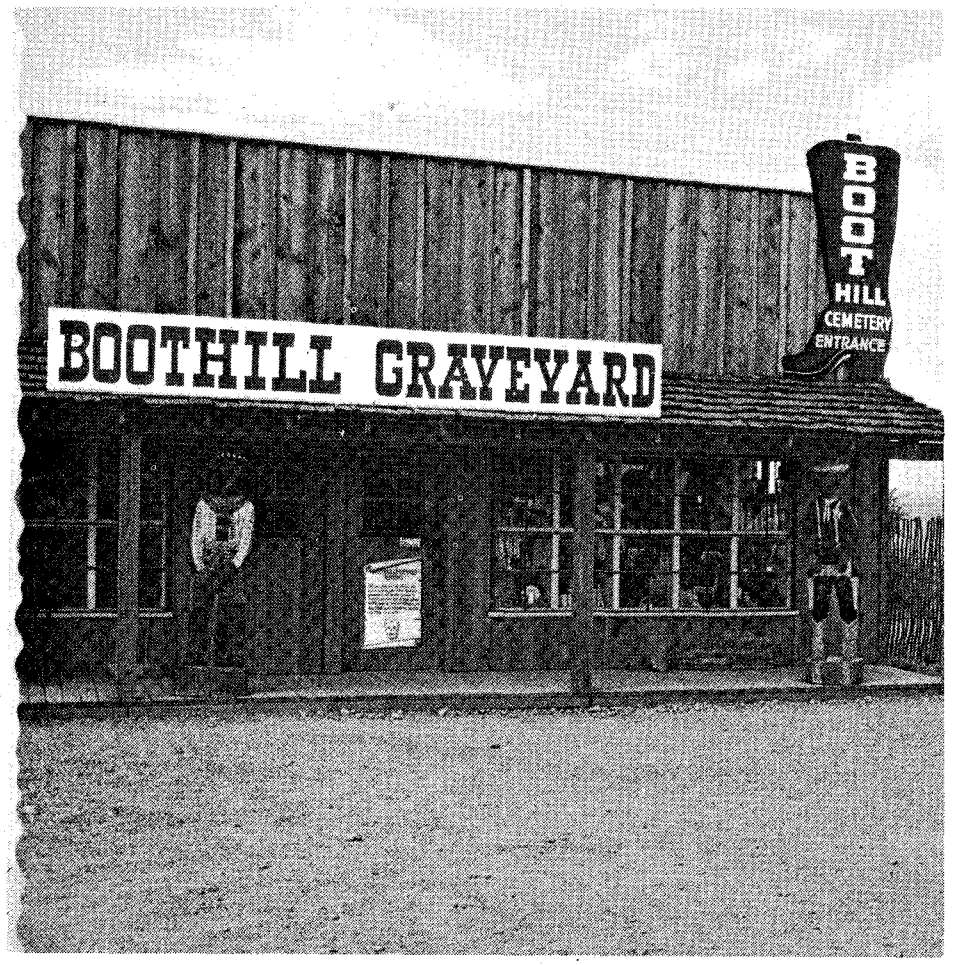
Quong Kee hung on for many years. years. Eventually he closed the Can Can, held a few insignificant jobs, became a mendicant, was cared for

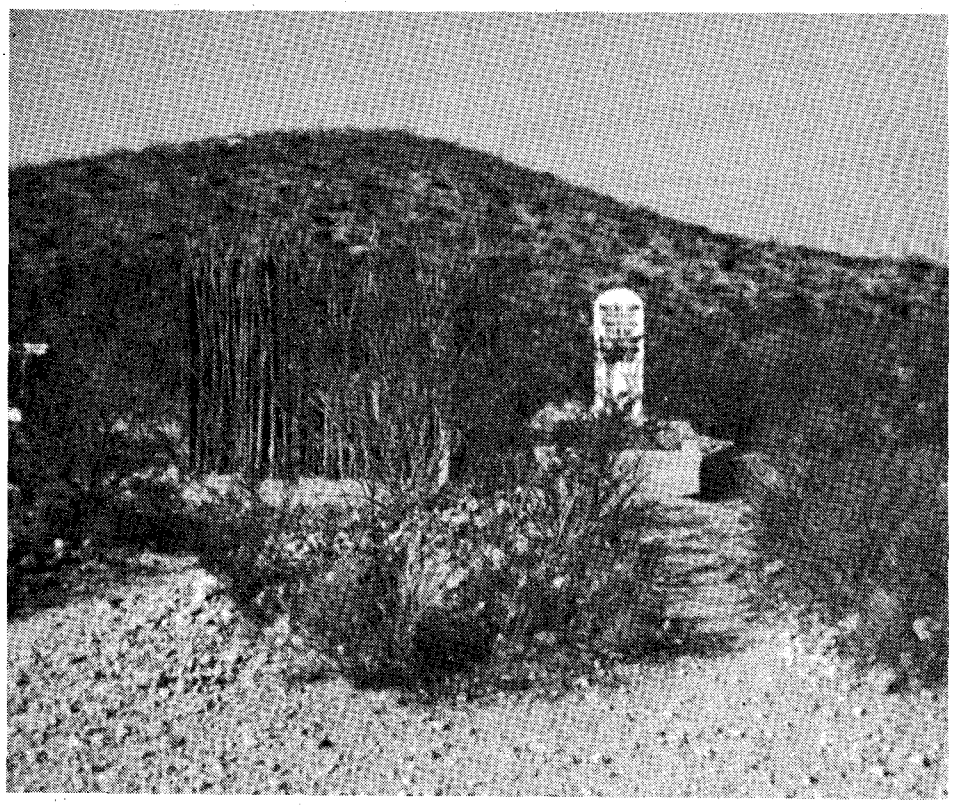
Wyatt Earp, Curley Bill, Billy Clanton. Quong Kee knew them all. He fed both the famous and infamous. He valued friendship very highly.

through the kindness of old friends, and lived chiefly on a small dole from Cochise County.

When he died on January 12, 1938, a pauper and the last Chinaman in Tombstone, the people of that town eventually carried out his last wishes of wanting to be buried next to China Mary in Boothill Cemetery. In fact, his was the first burial in that famous cemetery since 1906, when China Mary was laid to rest, and also the first to use a motor driven hearse.

Between 400 to 500 people, in a mile long cortege, followed the body of the little gray-haired Chinaman to





Quong Kee's grave is protected by a fence of ocotillo and is dug next to the grave of Mrs. Ah Lum, otherwise known as "China Mary." Kee was buried near all the other Americans and pioneers who in their own way contributed to the founding of Tombstone, "The Town Too Tough to Die."

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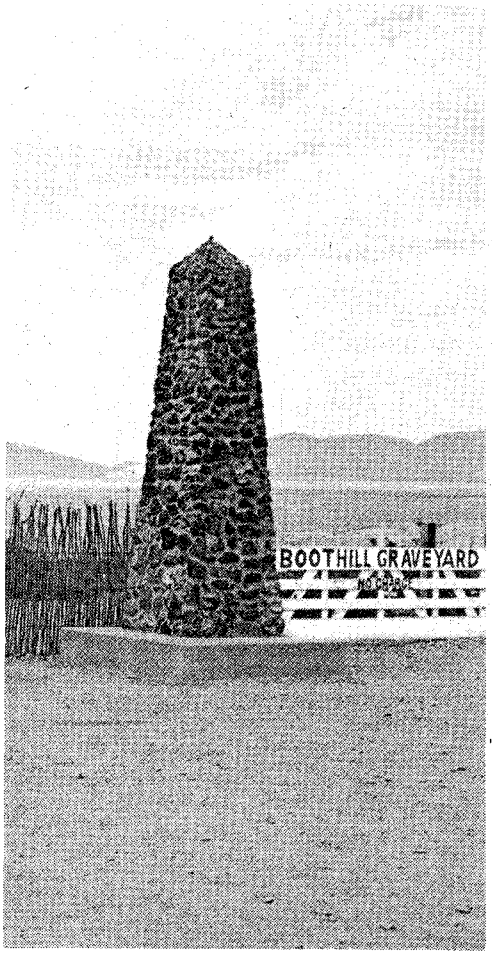

When Quong was buried in Boothill Graveyard (above), his was the first burial to use a motor driven hearse. Between 400 and 500 people in a mile long cortege followed that hearse.

his final resting place. The school band of Tombstone played at the funeral. The Rev. Rupert G. Witt conducted the Episcopal service. Distinguished Arizona pioneers acted as pallbearers. Roland Bridges, the brother of a United States Senator from Maine, delivered the eulogy.

They buried Quong Kee next to China Mary, and Hop Lung, Fee Kee, Tong Kee, (no relatives), and all the other Americans and pioneers who contributed, in their own way, to the founding of "The Town Too Tough To Die."

Quong's restaurant was reopened for a few years following his death, after a fire almost destroyed it. Today the establishment still lives on as the Can Can Variety Store.

But whenever anyone enters this store, knowing of its illustrious past, he can almost feel the presence of someone still cooking in the back room, frying ham and eggs seasoned with history. •

WESTERN GUNFIGHT IN HULA HULA LAND

(Continued from page 42)

Within the year Deems married Hilina, and Juan married Alhaha, both girls were Kokunas (chieftains' families) of the Kamehameha clans.

News about the fabulous cattle industry was spreading throughout Polynesia, attracting Samoans and Filipinos. A few whites (beachcombers) arrived and stayed. By now it was obvious that the haole (white people, or foreigners) as well as the kanakaa (ordinary Hawaiian natives) were becoming increasingly prosperous.

Lassiter, whose woman died in childbirth, was again unattached, but seemed satisfied, until one day he took unto himself a wahine of the Kukuihaole barrio (town or settlement) where an admixture of about 500 Samoan-Filipino-Tahitian-haole outsiders squatted and were looked down on as a people who did not have sense enough to let well enough alone. Their underhanded meddling and outright rascalities caused dissension that eventually divided the people living on the Big Island into five divergent groups.

The Kamehameha families were not content to just sit and rest on their sovereignty or they would never have become rulers; the Parker families were allied with them and furnished the Yankee ingenuity. They had rifles' shipped in, also revolvers, shotguns with ammunition to fit, wide-plate horseshoes, a copper shoe designed to doubly protect the horse's hooves, thus permitting time-saving shortcuts across the wide roll-lava areas of the big volcanic island. They organized about 1,200 men of prime age.

Deems Purdy, who had learned how to make a cavalry charge in the Civil War, taught the men how to shoot and wield a machete like a saber in full gallop. The Sanchez brothers were given the task of teaching the men how to properly ride a horse and take care of it. The Kamehameha-Parker-Sanchez combine soon had a brigade of well-mounted and well-drilled men.

The leaders of the other factions saw what was going on and began their own counter-machinations. By the time all sides appeared ready for combat, a new situation arose. The Hanai-Kawaikae lowlanders, who for a decade had been trying to worm their way into the heart of the Parker domain, unexpectedly joined forces with the Lassiter-Filipino barrios. Thus, while the upper echelon groups were training their men to be soldiers, the sugarcaners were out rustling Parker cattle.

Several weeks of big-scale rustling took place before the Parker-Purdy-Sanchez riders caught on. Then the original Pacheco-Vierra-Toledo people, staunch cattlemen at heart, saw on which side their terryaki (roast meat) was marinated. They gathered at the home corrals en masse and one heavily overcast dawn the combined forces under the generalship of Deems Purdy staged a raid on the Lassiter barrios in a sweep that rivalled the charge of Beauregard at Bull Run.

A brief but savage battle ensued and cost the raiders four men killed and nine wounded, but devastated the barrios and killed 20 men and wounded a like number.

Two thousand head of prime steers were recovered. Inter-island ships were riding at anchor in the harbor, waiting to load up, and the victorious paka paniolas obliged them by driving the steers into the wharf pens, then into the boats, and collected for them in full.

During this loading process Deems Purdy and Lassiter once again came face to face. There wasn't a word uttered between them. Just the flick of eyelids, the flash of quick hands, and the bark of Colt sixguns. Both men went down simultaneously. Hit along the left ribs, Deems struggled to his feet in a moment; however, Lassiter writhed for a minute or two and then the death-rattle was heard.

When the proceeds of the cattle transaction were evenly divided among the three groups a sudden spirit of good-fellowship and solidarity resulted that lasted into future generations, although the cattle rustling plague—often by sea-going pirates—was not completely stamped out for many years.

The Parker family still controlled the vast Waimea domain from lofty Mauna Loa to loftier Mauna Kea and beyond as far as the eye could see—more than 700 square miles. The Toledo-Vierra-Pacheco families remained united with their Sanchez cousins, and with Deems Purdy, whose wife was of the ruling Kamehameha clans; progress and prosperity reigned. Additional markets for Parker beef opened up in the Far East and American sugar interests developed that potential until in some sections it ranked a close second to livestock.

(In January 1962, Richard Palmer Smart, great-great-great-grandson of John Palmer Parker, and present day owner and operator of the Parker Ranch, celebrated the 125th anniversary of its founding.)

At the fabulous Turn of the Century celebration and rodeo at Pendleton, Oregon, a band of paka paniola riders led by Deems (Chuck) Purdy II, rode in world championship record-breaking style and captured eight of 10 top prizes in arena events. A tall, grayhaired man who had ridden the Wild Ones from the prairies along the Sweetwater to the West's most western range looked on with approval, but with no surprise. •

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GRAND ISLAND PEOPLE

(Continued from page 21)

one of the leading crops, was bought by the Government for the troops stationed at Fort Kearney.

With the arrival of the additional twenty new settlers, more homes were needed. A score of sturdy structures were erected, one of which served to house the much needed general store of Koenig and White.

Just when conditions seemed most favorable, the money panic in the East caused reverses in the Barrows and Chubb finances and Mr. Barrows was forced into bankruptcy. The Town Company, now insolvent, dissolved and Grand Island's residents were left to shift for themselves. Mr. Barrow never recovered his losses and died a poor man in a Philadelphia infirmary.

Still worse was to happen to the Islanders. On Jan. 1st, 1859, they suffered a bitter blow that practically wiped out the little town. Two miners from the California gold fields drifted in and disturbed the peaceful lives of the Germans. Trouble followed and the strangers loudly voiced their hate for the German people. One of the miners openly boasted that he would burn "the damned Dutch town down." Upon taking their departure, the two men stopped at the edge of the village and set fire to a field of dry grass. A high wind wafted the flames which spread far and wide. Within a few hours Grand Island was the scene of smouldering logs. Only two homes were saved. Fortunately no lives were lost. The arsonists were never captured.

Residents of Omaha, upon learning of the distress of the Islanders, took up a collection to relieve the needy families. A man was entrusted to deliver the purse. Somewhere along the trail out of Omaha, both man and money vanished. The crook was never apprehended.

The dyed-in-wool Germans accepted adversity with Dutch comfort—"it could be worse." They picked up the loose ends and started all over again and rebuilt the town. They had founded the settlement; their farms were debt-free; they had adjusted themselves to primitive life; they stubbornly refused to surrender to adversity. It took brains, brawn and the will to do or die to achieve their objective, but these stubborn, determined Germans had what it took to win!

With new settlements making their advent in the outfields of Hall County, the need of public transportation was apparent. Thus on October 8th, 1858, a stagecoach line was established. It operated weekly between Omaha and Fort Kearney. In 1860, the stage ran twice weekly. In 1862 it made trips daily.

Hall County was organized under territorial laws in 1860. In that same year the Sioux and Pawnee Indians went on the warpath and waged their battles within gunshot of Grand Island. It proved to be a private fight. Grand Island was not molested. However, over in another part of Hall County the Indians massacred the entire Smith family, and took two boys named Martin captive, pinned them together with great spikes and left them to die in agony.

In 1862 the first public school, a small nondescript affair, was established one mile south of present-day Grand Island Courthouse. Attendance was six pupils.

In 1864, the Cheyenne and Sioux Indians went on the warpath. Residents of new neighboring settlements abandoned their homes. But not the people of Grand Island. They stood pat and fortified the OK store, making it an impregnable fort and a refuge for 168 men, women and children. William Stolley built a log structure 24 x 24, with 25 port holes. He stocked it with guns and ammunition such as was available and manned the fort with 35 gunners.

The residents dug tunnels and stabled their horses underground. They built sturdy corrals conveniently near the fort, challenging the redskins. Although fearful of their lives, the community people were determined to give the Indians a hard fight even if they lost in the end. Strangely, Grand Island was not attacked and eventually peace returned to the settlement.

In 1868, the Union Pacific RR came to Grand Island. In 1869 the population numbered 400, with 140 voters. In 1870 the first newspaper, the *Platte Valley Independent,* was published. The same year, the residents built the first public school in Grand Island proper. It was a 16 x 20, one-room frame building located on the right-of-way of the UPRR, on Second Street, Block 81, just opposite the City Hall block. Ten years later the UPRR donated Block 81 to the school district and a new eight-room brick school named The Dodge School, honoring a railroad engineer, replaced the small one-room school building.

In 1872, Grand Island was incorporated. In 1873 she rated a courthouse. The first fire company was organized in 1874.

Grand Island was at last enjoying an era of prosperity. Platte Valley's fertile farms promised bumper crops. Their vegetable gardens were at their best. The farmers visioned a bountiful harvest. The future seemed secure. Then fate dealt a knockout blow again.

Millions of grasshoppers moved into the valley and ravaged every crop. Needless to say, this disaster hampered progress of the settlement. During the succeeding four years, while the Islanders struggled to regain normalcy, several new towns made their appearance in Hall County. Grand Island suffered keen competition.

DESPITE all reverses, in 1880 the population of Grand Island numbered 3000. That year its people conceived the idea to sell town lots. From this venture they profited to the extent of $80,000. 157 new structures were built, the majority of which were attractive homes. The larger and more spacious structures were soon occupied by various enterprises.

During the boom public utilities became available. Factories moved in. A branch line of the Union Pacific Railroad now connected Grand Island with adjoining counties, and another line of track was built in Loup Valley. Then the Union Pacific moved their shops into Grand Island and employment was available to skilled engineers and mechanics. Grand Island rapidly became a commercial and industrial city.

In 1880 the Bell Telephone Company added to Grand Island's progress.

In 1882 the town celebrated its quarter-century anniversary. Fourteen survivors of the original settlers attended.

In 1907 the little city celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. In 1932 she observed her 75th birthday. The town people went all out for pioneer dress, including whiskers.

Old-timers smiled through their tears as they silently reminisced of the days when they were youngsters and Grand Island was a one-horse town, the OK store was the only store and modern conveniences were unknown in Platte Valley. It was a memorable day, this Fourth of July—the 75th birthday of Grand Island.

Then in 1957 a bigger and better parade took place portraying a century of progress. Twenty-five thousand citizens participated in this event.

Today Grand Island boasts a population of 30,000. No longer is she a one-horse town. Her residents do not have to wait for their boat to come in to get a cake of soap or a dozen candles. She has little need of candles these days, with thousands of neon lights and electric bulbs illuminating her homes and streets.

Whereas in the beginning, Grand Island had only one store, today she has a hundred grocery stores and a score of department stores and small shops. The old Dutch kitchen with its fireplace and crane, iron pots and kettles has been replaced by modern kitchens with gas and electric ranges and push-button gadgets.

Motorized vehicles long ago replaced the horse and wagon. No longer does the farmer plod behind his plow. Nowadays he rides his tractor. Oxen have become almost extinct. Occasionally during a parade or some special event, a yoke of oxen may be seen.

Where hitch racks once lined the curbs of her downtown streets, one finds parking meters today. Paved streets that once were Indian trails form a network throughout the city.

The little one-room frame schoolhouse on Second Street, Block 81, is just a memory today. Scores of educational institutions, schools and colleges are available. Thirty-five churches of various denominations invite worshipers to their altars. Lovely parks, good movies, sports arenas, clubs, lodges provide no end of entertainment. Hotels, motels, banks, service stations—every enterprise common to a large city is available in Grand Island.

Today when a great Diesel-drawn freight, with a mile long string of cars, passes through town, you are apt to hear an old-timer say, "She shore don't look like the little old teakettle engine that puffed into the tent station that day back in 1868 when the UP stopped in Grand Island on her maiden trip."

Frequently one hears the old saw, "The first hundred years are always the hardest." How true of Grand Island! However, the nightmarish experiences which harassed her in the beginning are history today. What the next hundred years will bring one can only guess, but with the advent of the space age we predict that in the year 2057, Grand Island, Nebraska, will be flying high.

If those stolid, courageous Germans who founded Grand Island and refused to cry quits in the face of adversity could rise from their earthy beds and view Grand Island today, they would feel rewarded for the price they paid to obtain their objective.

Long after their weather-beaten markers have toppled from their bases; long after their bones have dissolved to dust and all knowledge of their faults and virtues have passed into oblivion, Grand Island will endure as their monument, a mute reminder of a brave people who set out to do a job and did it. ●

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SAM GRANT ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 19)

dashings—"/ his thoughts returned again and again to his family: to lively little Fred, to the baby he had never seen, and to Julia who, during their courting days, used to get teasingly quizzed in his absence, "Where is that small man with the large epaulets?"

In his letters he encouraged his wife to write more of the boys. Was Ulysses walking yet? And he wanted to hear all of Fred's droll sayings. "If he talks as he used to try to do he must be very interesting." When Julia, in turn, requested that he write more about himself, he thought of the uneventful days at the post, the occasional games of brag or loo or euchre, the long horseback rides, and the lonely nights in his room ... and he responded: "I am well, dear Julia, but to write more about myself... I do not know how."

Once, at a friend's house, he diffidently confided that he had gotten a letter yesterday. Drawing it out of his pocket he opened it to the last page and indicated where Julia had traced the outline of a baby's fat little hand. Suddenly he folded it up again and with tear-dimmed eyes walked out the door.

He had the "dearest little wife in the world," he told Delia Sheffield, and talked off and on of resigning from the service so he could go home.

If the company of the happily married Sheffields perhaps rather added to Grant's torments at times, it also had its comforts and its chuckles. There was the day, for instance, when he asked Delia if she could make him some good sweet butter. The inexperienced Mrs. Sheffield, true to the letter tradition, used sugar instead of salt when churning. At the next meal she couldn't help noticing that the men at the table were slyly grinning at one another. Hesitatingly she inquired of Grant how he liked the butter. "Well," he conceded smilingly, "it's the sweetest butter I ever tasted!"

Aside from his horseback rides, card games, and an infrequent jaunt over to Portland, diversion and amusement were scarce for Grant. He took little pleasure in hunting or fishing. A theater was organized at the post and it is known that he attended at least one production, for on that occasion a drunken steamboat purser was annoying the audience and Grant assisted him out into the night without ceremony.

Sometimes he looked in on the dances that were held every so often, but rarely stayed for the evening. The strains of waltzes and reels did not enchant him. In fact, music and Grant never did hit it off very well. At Sackett's Harbor he had been known for his hatred of the garrison band, escaping from its sound whenever he could. Later in life there was to be attributed to him the terse remark that he only knew two songs, one was *Yankee Doodle* and the other wasn't!

Sometimes the men would sit around recalling their wartime experiences in Mexico, where Grant had gained brevets for his conduct both at Molino del Rey and at the storming of Chapultepec. The usually taciturn Grant, his interest aroused, would come alive and talk of Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, San Cosme, and Mexico City.

"How clear-headed Sam Grant is in describing a battle!" exclaimed one fascinated young listener. "He seems to have the whole thing in his head.

Far from home fires, there were those who took to consoling themselves with noisy reveling, or with Indian women. For Grant, as the wearisome days passed into weeks and weeks into months, consolation (such as it was) came to appear more and ever more in the shape of a bottle. Not that there was anything so unique about this. As historian Bruce Catton has phrased it, "... the army was a hard-drinking outfit in those days."

For years rumors of excessive drinking was to cling to Grant's name, doing him a disservice. It was not that he drank so much—and there were long periods when he didn't touch a drop, most of his friends seem to agree—but that he was affected by small amounts of liquor. With his "peculiar organization, a little did the fatal work of a great deal," summed up an acquaintance.

In the summer of 1853 George B. McClellan, of the engineers, stopped at Fort Vancouver to outfit an expedition for the surveying of the passes of the Cascades with the route of a future railroad in mind. Outfitting a party under the meticulous McClellan's supervision was no picnic even for a man of devil-may-care temperament, let alone one already under nervous strain, and Grant "got on one of his little sprees."

This did not sit too well with "little Mac," who was one day to command the northern armies; he would remember it.

After a year at Fort Vancouver Grant was notified of his promotion to the captaincy of Company F, stationed at Humboldt Bay, in the midst of California's redwood country. Bestowing upon the Sheffields a cookbook, some feather pillows, and a number of his other belongings, Grant took ship.

Obliged to go first to San Francisco and then to wait for a lumber ship which would carry him back two hundred and fifty miles up the coast to his post, Grant spent several days in the city, roaming the hilly streets.

"San Francisco presented the same general appearance as the year before," he

(Continued on page 54)

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SAM GRANT ON THE WEST COAST

(Continued from page 53)

found. "That is, eating, drinking and gambling houses were conspicuous for their number and accessibility. They were usually on the first floor, with doors wide open. At all hours of the day and night, in walking the streets, the eye was regaled on every block near the waterfront, by the sight of players at faro."

He saw that streets and dwellings were built on piles out over the bay. Broken places gaped in the streets and Grant wondered if they might not be one explanation for the disappearance of many who had come to San Francisco during the gold excitement and had never been heard from again.

Life at the isolated post high on a plateau overlooking Humboldt Bay soon proved to be even more dismal and unpromising than it had at Fort Vancouver. With his promotion, Grant's quartermaster duties had ceased and he was at loose ends. "No greater misfortune could have happened to him (Grant) than this enforced idleness," commented a man who saw him from time to time.

The mails were irregular, communication with San Francisco being only by water. Grant and the other officers would anxiously look out to sea every morning for a sail, and when one was spied, leap on their horses and gallop down to the nearby town of Eureka for their letters and, hopefully, for a newspaper.

Post commander here at Humboldt was Brevet Colonel Robert Buchanan, with whom Grant had had a slight run-in several years earlier when both were at Jefferson Barracks, outside of St. Louis. Buchanan had the reputation of being "old army," a stickler for form, and a bit of a martinet. Grant was anything but.

Winter came to the Humboldt and dragged along toward spring. For Grant everything seemed to be going from bad to worse. Fed up with his present position, discouraged over the future, his application to go home on leave ignored and, on top of that, no letters from Julia in the mail that had just come, Grant wrote to his wife: "The state of suspense that I am in is scarcely bearable. I think that I have been away from my family quite long enough and sometimes I feel as though I could almost go home *nolens volens*."

Someone was to remark about Grant that he had few real affections, but that those few were intense.

The situation was becoming unendurable. Grant made up his mind, and on April 11, 1854, sat down and penned two letters. The first ran:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of my commission as Captain in the 4th Infantry, and my acceptance of the same."

And the second:

"I very respectfully tender my resignation of my commission as an officer of the army and request that it may take effect from the 31st of July next."

Back in Ohio Sam's father, Jesse Grant, was thrown into utter dismay when he learned of the resignation, and quietly sped off a letter to Secretary of War Jefferson Davis, in which he urged Davis to "reconsider and withdraw the acceptance of his (Sam's) resignation."

The elder Grant went on: "I never wished him to leave the service. I think after spending so much time to qualify himself for the army and spending so many years in service he will be poorly qualified for the pursuits of private life."

He also pointed out that Grant had never had a six-month leave. "Would it then be asking too much for him to have such leave that he may come home and make arrangements for taking his family with him to his post?"

But Jesse Grant might as well have saved the paper and ink. The resignation, Davis informed him, having been accepted, would not be reconsidered. The case was closed.

Whether there were other reasons besides the obvious ones of Grant's longing for home and family and his discontent in general for his resignation, is a question still somewhat up in the air. Rumors flew right and left at the time that Colonel Buchanan had it in for Grant, and that the latter's drinking caused Buchanan to put pressure on him to resign. Others vigorously denied this, charging acidly that "...the Army is as prone to gossip as a New England sewing society."

They deplored the fact that, though Grant's name was unsullied as far as the official records went, hearsay on this subject would just naturally crop up to plague him every now and then for the rest of his life.

The stories told of Grant's journey home are bleak and pathetic tales all dealing with his lack of funds and the helping hands of fellow officers, including one named Simon Bolivar Buckner. Because he had trouble getting a forty-dollar check received for court martial duty cashed, he is said to have spent a night in the office of a clerk of the Depot Quartermaster in San Francisco. Another story is that he was discovered in the "What Cheer House," a cheap little miner's hotel in that city, without enough money for the passage home. Eventually reaching New York, he tried to collect on a loan once made at Sackett's Harbor, but with no success. Simon Buckner paid his hotel bill until, the story goes, Jesse Grant sent his son money enough to get to St. Louis.

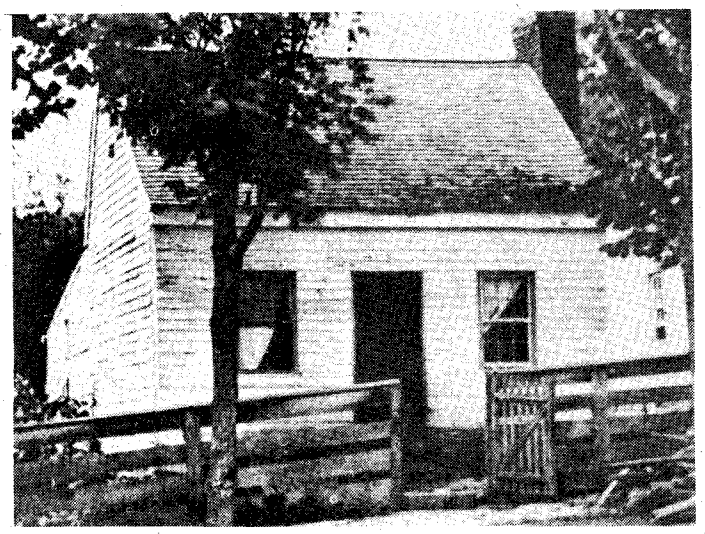
There would come a day, incidentally, (less than eight years later), when Simon Buckner and Ulysses Grant would be together under vastly different circumstances: Buckner, bowing to Grant's demand for "unconditional and immediate surrender," would be handing over to him Tennessee's Fort Donelson and all of the rebel forces under his command, some fourteen thousand men.

According to his *Memoirs*, Grant left the west coast with a fondness for it, despite everything, and with a dream that he might one day come back and make a home for his family there. Returning East disheartened and under a cloud, he still had confidence in his own abilities.

"I have seen some hard times in my life," he once said, "but I never saw the moment when I was not sure that I would come out ahead in the end."

And, "Whoever hears of me in ten years, will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer," he predicted to his buddies at Fort Humboldt.

In ten years he was, instead, General-in-Chief of the U.S. Army; in fifteen years President of the United States; and in twenty-five years, he and Julia would be greeted with wild ovations in the city of San Francisco when they returned from a triumphant trip around the world. ●



Sam Grant's Birthplace at Point Pleasant, Ohio is just a few yards away from the banks of the Ohio River. The residence is now preserved by the Ohio Historical Society.

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CHOCTAWS

(Continued from page 15)

used the point on you instead of the hilt . . ."

During the Creek War Pushmataha saw an Indian soldier tied to a tree. When he learned the soldier was being punished for showing up in ranks drunk he exclaimed, "Is that all?" Then he freed the soldier, saying, "Many great warriors get drunk."

When the Choctaws dueled it meant something different than the duels of other American Indians or whites. A challenge to a duel from one Choctaw to another actually meant the death of both because they believed that a brave man with an honest heart was not afraid to die. The one who survived was killed by the relatives of the dead man. A man who backed out of a duel was considered dishonest and a coward and he would forever afterward be despised by the whole tribe. Even his relatives and friends would turn away from him. Of course this custom prevented a great deal of fighting and quarreling before it got started.

One example of Pushmataha's diplomacy is his handling of a white man who called him a coward and challenged him to a duel. Pushmataha knew that to kill a white man, even in a duel, would have unpleasant repercussions on all the Choctaw people. He solved the dilemma by purchasing a barrel of gun powder and taking it to the dueling grounds at the appointed time where he casually seated himself on the upended barrel, lighted a torch and told his challenger that this was his weapon and they were both bound to sit on it until it exploded. The white man made haste to apologize, and make tracks from the area.

Although no record of his parents is available it is believed that he was one of the fullblood Choctaw babies born in 1764 in one of the villages of the Six Towns. To become a chief was the highest honor granted a Choctaw man and it was understood that it had to be earned by his courage, accomplishments and the quality of his leadership. Add to this the fact that all through his growing-up years a Choctaw boy's name was liable to be changed to denote an unusual act of bravery, kindness, foresight, leadership and, above all, honesty. Perhaps his mother dreamed, while her baby boy nursed at her breast or swung gently in his cradle board looped over her shoulders, that he would grow up to be a great chief and know how to free his people from the disturbances caused by the Spanish, French and English. (Some of these people were still offering rewards for Indian scalps.)

According to Choctaw history, the first time Pushmataha was noticed was during a traditional autumn bear hunt, when the hunters noticed a tall, thin teenaged boy helping with the chores around the campfire. Questions were impolite and he would have been ignored except for his eagerness to be helpful and his good behavior. When they discovered that no one knew who he was they became so curious that the oldest hunter, whose duty it was, asked him his name.

The boy said, "Hochifoiksho," which meant "I have no name."

This wasn't surprising to them because a Choctaw was given a name only when he had done some outstanding deed and since the lad had done nothing worthy of a name they called him "Hochifoiksho."

By the time the hunting party had reached the area where they intended to spend the winter they had shortened his name to "Hoh." Hoh had a bow and quiver of arrows and a good knife. (Guns were scarce among the Choctaws at that time.)

Some of the leaders suggested that the lad stay in camp and do the chores, but Hoh told them, in the manner of speaking that would, eventually, set him apart as their most eloquent and convincing speaker, that "I came to hunt, not to make camp." They let him go on the hunt. Although they continued to be curious about his origin, they knew it wasn't polite to ask him, as they had decided among themselves that his parents were dead. The Choctaws, after their last *Cry for the Dead*, never spoke of their departed relatives again.

At night the hunters sat around the campfire telling tales of their experiences. Hoh listened attentively for a few weeks, then one night he told what must have been a dilly, for while they all gazed at him in astonishment he threw out his chest and said, "That is nothing—I'll do much better before the hunt is over."

The old hunters resented the boasting of an unknown upstart. The oldest hunter said, "He has now named himself Ishtila-wata." (Which means to brag.)

During the next few weeks he killed and preserved more skins, furs and meat than any other one hunter. When the older hunters began packing up to go home with their game and furs the younger hunters decided to adventure beyond the Mississippi River and asked Pushmataha to go with them. Before he left with these young braves he gave all his skins, furs and meat to the hunters who had the least to show for their hunt. "I have no need for these," he said. "I have no family to use them."

They were all very happy about the young man's generosity. Generosity was only one of the dominant traits of Pushmataha. All his life he gave to others until sometimes he had nothing left for himself.

The adventure of the young warriors took them into the stronghold of the

(Continued on page 56)

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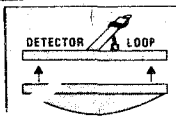

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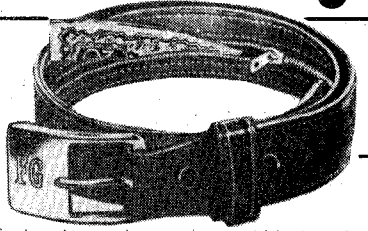

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CHOCTAWS

(Continued from page 55)

Osage Indians, who were very dangerous because they were an alert, warlike people and enemies of the Choctaws. The Osage knew the leaning direction of each bit of underbrush and each blade of grass since the last rain or snowstorm, and all the tree markings, and any change in appearances would warn them the Choctaws were invading their territory. The Choctaws walked carefully, each stepping in the tracks of the man ahead of him. When their scouts reported they had located the Osage camp but didn't know just how many warriors were there, they decided to attack at night. If they were outnumbered by the enemy they could scatter in the dark in all directions and meet later at a designated place beyond the Verdigris River.

As it turned out the Choctaws did have to scatter. When they all met again about two days later Pushmataha was missing. They knew that if he had been killed or taken prisoner, the Osages would be looking for them, and they would even now be entrapped by the pursuing enemies. They retreated, and came upon a cave, and crawled in. After a while they heard the sounds of a raging prairie fire. When the fire passed over and beyond them, the Osages had vanished, so they went on to their next agreed upon meeting place, and there Pushmataha was waiting.

He reported that he had watched the Plains Indians attack the Osages and set the raging fire, and he had taken advantage of the situation and scalped a few of the enemy Indians. He had the scalps to prove it.

The leader of the hunting party said to him: "You have earned a name," but Pushmataha's answer was, "Don't give me a name for what accidentally happened. Wait until I have earned it."

Their return home was celebrated with feasting and dancing. Pushmataha was not present but when his friends told of his adventures and achievements excitement ran high, and from that day he was known and admired by every member of the Choctaw tribe, and they began calling him "Eagle."

Pushmataha was a restless, adventurous man whose mind never stopped seeking knowledge and understanding of his fellowman. There are many stories of how he got his name (which has also had many different spellings until it was finally settled on as Pushmataha.) One early historian says it means, "He has won all the honors of his race." Pushmataha himself said it came from the oak tree. Anna Lewis in her book, "Chief Pushmataha—American Patriot," wrote: "Of all the Indian chiefs of pure blood... Pushmataha has more admirable traits of character than any other."

The oak tree story was told in Washington, D.C., according to some historians, where a deputation of Indian Chiefs had been called for a conference on important business. Andrew Jackson was at the reception honoring the chiefs and each chief was asked how he became so distinguished among his own people. Each one painstakingly explained in detail his rise through the ranks. When it was Pushmataha's turn he told the questioner, "It is none of your business." Andrew Jackson smiled and said, "Tell us, Brother Push, I'd like to know."

Pushmataha considered for a moment: "If the white chief must know," he said, "Pushmataha has neither father nor mother. Far away from here in the great Choctaw Nation, and in the depths of the great forests, a huge cloud arose and traveled with great velocity. Across its dark face the lightnings flashed and the thunders rolled. All animate nature stood apart. Soon the fearful cloud obscured the sunlight and wrapped the earth in midnight gloom save for the lightning's fitful glare. Then burst the cloud and rose the wind, and while falling rain and howling winds in wild confusion blended, a blinding flash of lightning blazed athwart the sky and hurled its strength against a stalwart oak tree that for ages had defied the storms with its boasted power, and now it was cleft in equal twain from top to bottom. And lo! from its riven trunk leaped a mighty man, in stature perfect, in wisdom profound, in bravery unequalled—a full-fledged warrior. 'Twas Pushmataha!"

It is reported that he didn't crack a smile.

When Pushmataha saw the new cotton gin in action he said, "I hate the avarice of the white man's heart, but I worship the ingenuity of his mind."

Pushmataha is credited with saying, "I have chased the Osages, Caddoes, Comanches and the Wichitas over a vast area of the western valleys and plains, and in turn been chased by them."

He loved to explore. On one five-year trip he spent a great deal of time in and around Santa Fe, New Mexico. He also explored the Arizona Territory and parts of Texas. (Much of the area had not been surveyed by United States surveyors.) He knew intimately the area west of Mississippi that the government wanted to trade to the Choctaws for their Mississippi land better than any southeastern Indian Chief and most of the white men at that time.

Pushmataha knew that the Choctaws would be forced to move to what is now Oklahoma a long time before the Mississippi Legislature passed a law abolishing all tribal rights and privileges of the Choctaws. The law specified that any Choctaw chief who exercised his rights and duties as a chief was subject to prosecution!

Pushmataha and the Choctaw soldiers had never been paid for aiding Jackson in the War of 1812, and for their aid in the wars against the Creeks. One historian, John R. Swanton, of the Smithsonian Institution, noted that "Andrew Jackson always showed a callous indifference to the rights of the Indians, and the justice owed to them."

But Jackson wanted to be President, and needed the votes of the land-greedy white settlers; the Indians had no vote, so although the Choctaws had helped him win the wars that made him famous, the result was that they were not fairly treated.

In the fall of 1820 all the Choctaw Chiefs, subchiefs and their high officials were called to a treaty making conference at Doak's Stand, Mississippi, four miles north of Pearl River on the Natchez Trace in the Choctaw Nation. The commissioners appointed to represent the United States were General Andrew Jackson and General Hinds, Agent McKee, and a small company of soldiers under Lieutenant Graham. Cyrus Kingsbury also went to Doak's Stand Treaty Ground because the missionaries had heard reports that did not bode well for the continuation of their mission school for the Choctaws.

Also present was Colonel Silas Dinsmoor, a former Choctaw Agent; Benjamin B.C. Wailes; Colonel John McKee and Gideon Lincecum. They were all friends of Pushmataha and they had played a part in preserving a record of Pushmataha's efforts to protect his people.

The council convened in the early part of October, a very pleasant time for an outdoor meeting and advantageous for the commissioners because it was so near time for the big hunt... they thought the Choctaws would have their minds on the hunt instead of the treaty.

General Jackson selected Pushmataha to make the opening address for the Choctaws because he was a convincing speaker distinguished for his style and eloquence, and because his advice and leadership since the war of 1812 was sought by all the Choctaws. At a secret meeting Pushmataha was elected treaty negotiations spokesman for all the Choctaws.

In his opening address to the Choctaws Jackson made the mistake of calling their 5,500,000 acres a "little strip of land." This angered Pushmataha but he continued to listen respectfully until Jackson spread out a map and began reading a description of the western land. The map bore little resemblance to the area he was offering to trade for the Mississippi land. The headwaters and routes of the rivers was ridiculously incorrect. Jackson even traced them.

"That is not true! The map is wrong!" said Pushmataha. He then sat down and used the handle of his pipe hatchet to

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mark on the ground the beginnings and routes of the rivers in the area as they really were.

Pushmataha knew the western territory, Jackson did not. And Pushmataha used his knowledge to establish boundaries of the Choctaws' new western Nation. Jackson insisted there were no white settlers living on the land. Pushmataha knew better, and persuaded Jackson to promise that all white intruders would be forced off.

Pushmataha had driven a sharp bargain. He had even maneuvered a provision for schools in the new Choctaw Nation. Beginning at a line just below Fort Smith, the southern part of Arkansas Territory belonged to the new Choctaw Nation. The Choctaws also demanded immediate removal of the numerous white squatters who were moving there in droves in an effort to keep it from the Choctaws. The squatters were agitating for protection of their property rights and sending petitions to Congress demanding that the treaty be changed, as they *did not want any Choctaws in their country.*

The Choctaws were told that their time table for migration would have to be moved back to a later date. The horrendous fact was that the Treaty of Doak's Stand had no sooner been signed than the government officials began demanding the Choctaw chiefs call another council to revise it!

Pushmataha and the other chiefs thought the officials in Washington might not be as greedy for their land as were the officials of Mississippi, so in the fall of 1824, Pushmataha, Puckshenubbee and Mosholatubbee, chiefs of the three divisions, and a delegation of prominent subchiefs and interpreters, started to Washington. They did not know that James Monroe was retiring from the presidency, that John Quincy Adams was about to take over as president, and that Andrew Jackson was the defeated presidential candidate.

At Mayesville, Kentucky, Puckshenubbee, who was determined not to give up another foot of territory in the old country or in the new, supposedly fell from a third story window and was killed. No one believed he fell. After his burial the delegation went on to Washington where they were housed in the Tenneson Hotel which the government used to house all Indian Delegations.

Then began the long wait for Washington Officialdom to call together a council to revise the treaty. Pushmataha and the other chiefs wrote many letters to various officials, without results. Pushmataha finally wrote to the President, but he didn't answer, either.

Remaining inactive in the hotel where they were given too much to eat (at home

(Continued on page 58)

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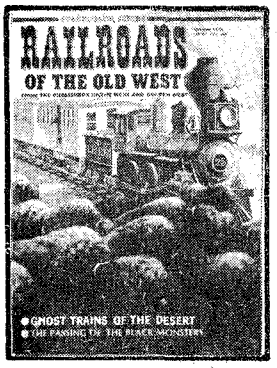

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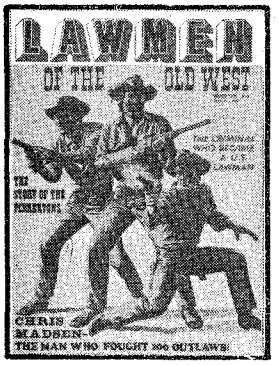

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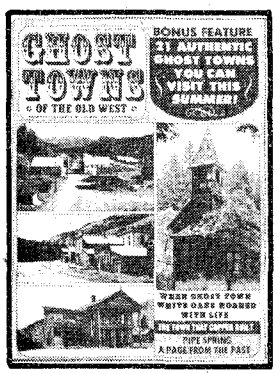

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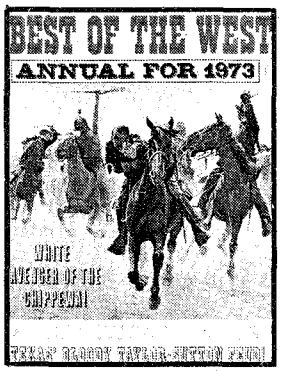

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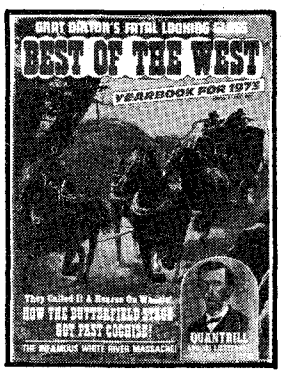

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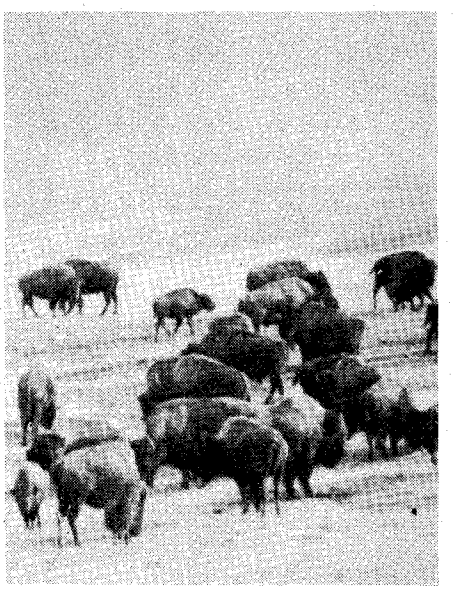
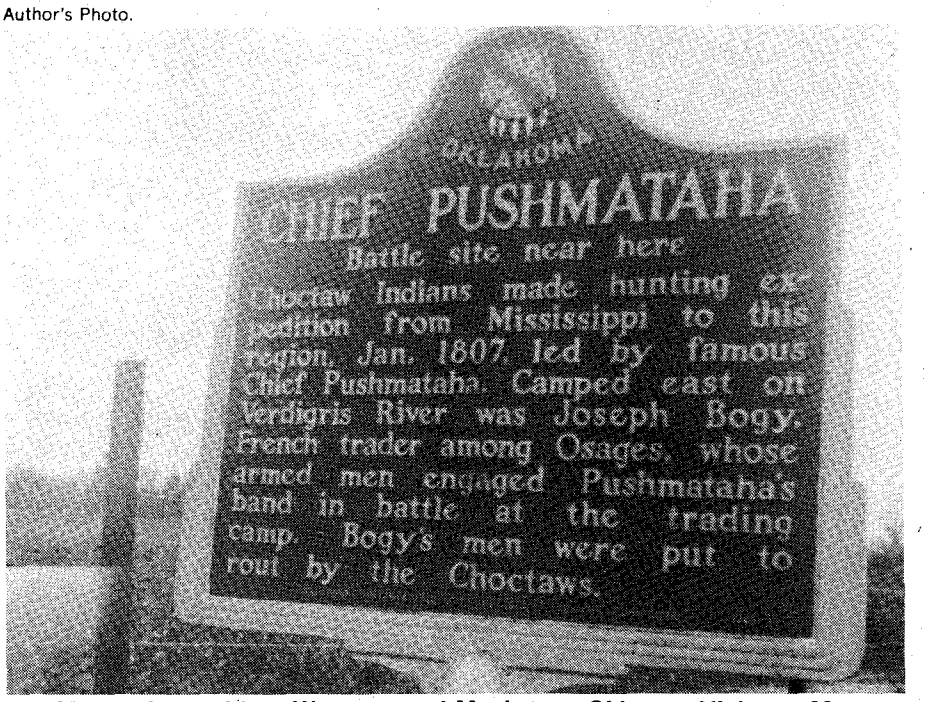
GREAT CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS (Continued from page 57)



If the chief survived, he would've felt sad about buffalo slaughters.

Author's Photo.



Marker located bet. Wagoner and Muskogee, Okla., on Highway 69.

Rx

they ate lightly) was especially distressing to Pushmataha. On the 23rd of December he fell while taking a short walk. Doctors were called in. One thought he had the croup and the other thought he had pneumonia. He said: "I will die."

He asked that his family, including his nephews, be looked after. It was late that same night when Jackson heard about his illness and went to see him. The Choctaws had already changed to the white man's burial customs and Pushmataha had been impressed at the way military funerals were conducted. He told General Jackson, "When I am dead fire the big guns over me."

Jackson was under a great mental and physical strain contesting the presidential election, but when Pushmataha died he found time to go to the hotel while the great Choctaw lay in state. Pushmataha died on December 24, and was buried on the afternoon of Christmas Day, 1824, in the Old Congressional Cemetery, with all the military honors due a great soldier of the United States of the rank of Major General. Washington newspapers gave ample press coverage to the affair. The Washington Gazette published a fifty-line poem, "...The Death of Pushmataha—Choctaw Warrior."

Nitakechi, nephew of Pushmataha, succeeded him as chief of the Six Towns Choctaws. They settled in the Pushmataha district in 1832 in the new Choctaw Nation (now southeastern Oklahoma.)

Pushmataha's son, Johnson Pushmataha, was educated in the white man's schools and adopted the white man's living standards. He studied law, and served as prosecuting attorney for the Pushmataha District.

It is just as well that Pushmataha didn't get to move with his people to their new nation. He would probably have died on the Trail of Tears. Had he survived he would have been sorely disappointed because the wild horses, buffalo herds and much of the other plentiful game had already been killed by the white squatters who outnumbered the Choctaws.

The name of the state of Oklahoma is a combination of two Choctaw words that mean "Home of the Red Man." The Choctaws are one of the Five Civilized Tribes. ●

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A SECOND BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE?

(Continued from page 36)

orders were given to attack. By dusk to that frigid 29th of December in 1890, when the shooting stopped, it was revealed that up to 300 Sioux had been murdered.

Appallingly, nearly as many women and children as braves had been slain. Moreover, many of the warriors, fallen in the clash, were found to have been unarmed. At the same time, only 29 of the soldiers had perished, all but one downed by their buck fevered, trigger happy comrades' erratic crossfire. The killings were done by General Custer's old command, the Seventh Cavalry. General Miles, rabidly infuriated, branded the clash a "useless slaughter," and a "criminal military blunder," and suspended the commander of the Seventh from duty.

However, now to return to Cody. The Secretary of War not only concurred with Cody's brain child, but likewise, he guaranteed to assign an entire regiment of cavalry wearing the blue uniforms of the 19th century to the project for the sake of historical authenticity in the movie. Too, about his time, the Secretary of the Interior granted his permission to use the site of the Wounded Knee clash as a setting for the filming of the picture. Enthused, Cody was now in position to start the wheels of motion picture production turning.

The proposed filming of a reenactment of the Wounded Knee incident stemmed from an inspiration which had struck Cody as if it had been a bolt out of the blue. At 66 years of age, Cody was a sick man and plagued with rheumatism. It is reputed that once upon a time in old Cheyenne, an ailing Cody had been ordered by his physician to drink only one glass of whiskey per day. Shortly thereafter, the good doctor was angered and flabbergasted when he encountered his patient in a grog shop, sipping tanglefoot from an oversized beer schooner!

The physician angrily exclaimed, "I gave you strict orders to drink only one glass of whiskey a day." The unruffled Cody casually explained his fall from grace by stating, "So you did, doc, so you did, but you didn't tell me what size glass to use."

Upon a balmy summer day in 1913 Cody sat at his ranch, sipping whiskey and nostalgically reminiscing over his past life, wishing fervently for some way to recoup his financial losses and regain a measure of the glory and eminence he had for so long enjoyed.

A month earlier, his Wild West Show, hopelessly in debt, had been auctioned off to satisfy creditors. The troupe had played in all the major cities in the United States and in the capitals of Europe for 30 years. And always, Buffalo Bill had ridden a magnificent horse at its head, resplendently decked out in fringed buckskins and boots up to mid-thigh. As he rode along, he doffed his white hat to the admiring and applauding throng of enthralled spectators. Cody, however, as had many of his ilk, sadly began to realize his era had ended.

There were no more Indian wars to be fought, no more buffalo to be hunted and no more trails to blaze. This was the 20th century, the day of the horseless carriage, ragtime music, and among many other things, the movies. That moment was the one in which Cody had been struck by his inspiration to create a series of historical motion pictures.

In his mind's eye, he visualized a pathway which could possibly lead him into financial security and the limelight of show business again. This led to his putting up his proposition to Tammen and Bonfils.

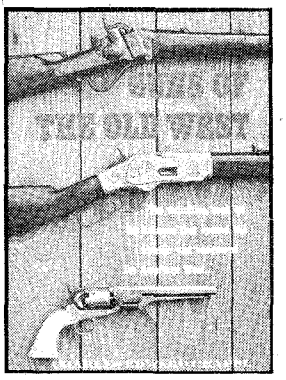
The Sioux at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota watched with apprehension and suspicion as 600 of the Twelfth U.S. Cavalry pitched tents upon their land. Perhaps the perturbed Sioux asked themselves, "Have the soldiers come to make war upon the Indian again?"

The concern of the Sioux was justified. Because of an oversight, no one thought to inform them that a movie was about to be shot upon the reservation! However, they were mollified when they were informed of what was about to occur. Following a pow-wow with Cody, a considerable number of the

(Continued on page 60)

GUNS WON THE WEST

Guns opened the frontier. They were needed to provide food and furs, for protection against rampaging Indians, and for defense in settlements where lawlessness was rampant.



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A SECOND BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE?

(Continued from page 59)

tribesmen were hired to try their hand at acting. Some venerable old braves amongst the Indians who were about to perform before the cameras, had actually been involved in the Wounded Knee affair.

Next, the old war horse, General Miles, put in his appearance. Long retired, the old soldier was a winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor and nemesis of the Apache terror, Geronimo. Most of his adult life had been spent in giving orders. And he brought his militarily acquired habit with him to Pine Ridge. From the outset, it became apparent he intended to take a back seat to no one for any reason whatsoever. He had commanded before. He gave evidence of intending to again.

It became painfully apparent to perturbed Cody almost at once that the old warrior saw himself as much more than just an elderly bit player in a silent movie. The object is an accurate portrayal of the Wounded Knee Battle? Very well, everything must be meticulously accurate down to the slightest detail including the locale of all incidents, so declared the General.

A concerned Cody endeavored to sway Miles from his obdurate stand. He met with little success.

He pointed out that insistence upon historical authenticity down to a point as fine as a frog's hair would create unnecessary work and needless, extra expense. He planned on using one set only and making the movie in jig time. As for the setting, after all, a creek is a creek and a ridge is a ridge and all would look the same on a screen. Moreover, Cody declared, a movie is just one form of a show. The movie, above all, should be lively, full of suspense, and most important of all, it must be as exciting as possible. Cody,of course, was quoting from what he had learned as one of the world's top showmen for 30 years.

Concluded Cody, as long as a movie is entertaining, how closely it corresponds to the matter in which the actual incidents occurred is of little importance.

But despite all of Cody's attempts at dissuasion, Miles continued to stick to his guns and stubbornly insisted the movie be absolutely authentic in all its aspects.

When the filming of the preliminary scenes got underway the views of the General were dominant. It was as plain as the nose on Cody's face that he was playing second fiddle to Miles. For the most part, his nibs the General was the absolute dictator in charge of the production.

Luckless Cody dared not protest very much or too vehemently to the imperious, hidebout Miles about filming procedures. For fearfully, he was positive that if he inadvertently antagonized Miles with one of his protests, he would stalk off the movie set in a high huff. And if this came to pass, the War Department almost unquestionably would be in sympathy with the General and would, in all probability as a result, withdraw its support of the Wounded Knee project. This, for Cody, would be almost the mortal blow, the end of his last hopes and dreams. Therefore, he trod as if on eggs and played cards close to his belly in his dealings with Miles, usually letting him have his way without the slightest objection.

When the battle sequences were to be filmed, Miles adamantly insisted the actions be shot just where they happened and exactly as they had transpired originally. This meant that much of the action must be photographed on top of a drab, treeless hillside which was the burial ground of many of those who had fallen in the actual combat. For the sake of historical accuracy, the General arbitrarily ordered the uprooting of the painted sticks which served as grave markers. And the Sioux were instructed to make ready to do sham battle on the original site of the fighting. This, to the Indians, was a shocking desecration of first magnitude, for it was taboo to disturb —in any way—the last resting place of their deceased.

An angered medicine man, one Short Bull, soon, figuratively speaking, mounted a soap box and began to exhort his fellow tribesmen to take action against the palefaces. Short Bull asked if Doe's Bear Coat (the Indian name for Miles) want to make a fight again? If so, let

The site of the actual Wounded Knee battle (above) is where the re-enactment was filmed. Friendly Indians, like the one below, helped quell demands for scalps and prevent the film from turning into a bloodbath.

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it be! But this time it would not be the Sioux who got caught in the snare. It would be the white men!

Hot blooded young bucks, who had been raised on tales of old battles but had been born too late to be able to take part in warfare with the palefaces, clustered around the haranguing medicine man. Possibly, thought they, "Here at long last our day has come! Now we can make the war we were cheated out of because we were born too late. The time has arrived to let paleface blood, and to lift scalps to hang in our lodges for the glory of the Sioux!"

Shortly, there was the shouting, ancient, blood curdling war cries, the frantic pounding of war drums, and frenzied war dancing accompanied by fervid chanting. A Sioux by the name of Iron Tail, alarmed by that which was occurring, slipped under the cover of darkness to the old scout's quarters and warned, "Our young men have thick skulls, dress for war." Too, the Indian informed, the young bucks had gotten their hands on a supply of live ammunition.

In conclusion, Iron Tail capped his already awesome pronouncements by informing Cody of a dire approaching determination by the young braves which would bring appalling tragedy down upon both the red warriors and the white soldiers, declaring; "Picture next sun bring big trouble. When the picture machine turn, they kill white soldiers, then ancestors rest easy in graves."

Cody listened and then remarked, "So they've got real bullets and the troopers have got blanks. They're gonna make a real battle of it, hey?" In the same breath, Cody instructed Iron Tail. "Bring the chiefs to the chow tent—and get them there as fast as you can!"

At two thirty in the morning, five of the tribal chieftains put in their appearance. Squatted down and wrapped in their blankets, they listened stolidly as Pahaska (the Indian name for Buffalo Bill) warned them that the young men couldn't get away even on the fastest of horses. Too, wherever they went, the soldiers would track them down.

On and on Cody talked, admonishing the tribal elders as to the consequences in store if the young bucks used live ammunition in the coming mock battle and caused casualties amongst the soldiers.

Finally, at dawn, the chiefs arose. Within their respective minds the elder tribesmen concluded Pahaska was speaking the truth. The free and wild days were over. The chiefs, before they departed, assured Cody they would hold their belligerent, hot blooded young men in check.

That morning, the troopers marched from their encampment on Wounded Knee Creek to the crest of the hill where the battle sequences were to be filmed. The crackle of rifle and revolver fire was deafening, but the noise came from blanks. The chiefs had kept their word to Pahaska. The young bucks were kept well under control. No vengeance-seeking Indian youth potted a palefaced man at arms with a leaden messenger of death as bullets were sometimes euphemistically referred to at the time.

Sad to relate, the finished production reflected the adamant, weighty, ham-handed touch of Generalissimo Miles throughout its entirety.

It was very accurate historically, but excessively dull. It lacked a focal point of interest and human interest as well. The action in the film, such as it was, was pedantic in extreme. The feature contained only a small measure of suspense and excitement. It appeared as if the film had been made as a documentary aimed at the National Archives in Washington rather than a feature meant to be exhibited for the entertainment of people in theaters.

The picture was a dud at the box offices. A commercial floppero. As an almost inevitable result of the production's all but complete debacle, The William F. Cody Historical Pictures Company was soon dissolved. And with its dissolution, all of Cody's hopes and dreams of recouping his fortunes and regaining a portion of his former glory in company with his once upon a time eminence as a master showman evaporated into thin air.

In approximately four years, Buffalo Bill Cody went to his last resting place, an old man, broken in spirit and in body. His remains lie atop Lookout Mountain some 15 miles to the west of Denver.

In the saga of Buffalo Bill's abortive efforts to recreate the Battle of Wounded Knee, that mighty big little word "if" commands a dominant position.

If General Miles had not been invited to take part in the making of the picture, and even if he had been and if he had not arbitrarily seized the tiller of the vessel of production and caused it to veer off course and dash itself to pieces on the rocks, the movie very possibly might have been a smash hit.

And if the epic had been an outstanding success, Cody might have become one of the major luminaries of the early western pictures, entering into the ranks of the original stars of the western outdoor thrillers and, consequently, have rubbed shoulders with immortals such as Bronco Billy Anderson, William S. Hart, and Tom Mix.

Lastly, in retrospect, Cody had indeed been fortunate to have been able to nip in the bud Short Bull's plot to have the Sioux utilize live ammunition during the filming of the battle sequence. However, if he had not, what a rip roaring, hell bent for leather, and realistic movie it would have been! ●

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CAPTAIN DODD RETRIEVED EBEY'S HEAD

(Continued from page 13)

ditionally held a potlatch at which they danced around the heads of their enemies killed in battle. The head of a white man was of course looked upon as of much greater importance than that of an Indian.

When a report came that such a celebration had recently been held at a certain village some 750 miles north of Fort Victoria, Captain Dodd was certain that his friend's head had been located. The distance seemed unimportant, but there was another problem. The Kake village lay within what was then Russian territory. An appeal to Russian authorities might or might not bring results, and most certainly would bring delay.

Captain Dod conferred with Governor Douglas. The latter agreed that if nothing were done, the life of every white man in the area would be in jeopardy. Where did the responsibility for recapture of that head lie? With the Province of British Columbia, or with Washington Territory? As a representative of the Hudson's Bay Company, which operated throughout the whole northwestern country, and out of loyalty to his friend, Captain Dodd decided to take the matter into his own hands.

The famous "*S. S. Beaver*" operated by the Hudson's Bay Company, was just then setting out on a northward trading trip. Captain Dodd knew the *Beaver* like the palm of his hand. He had come around the Horn in her as second mate, on his first trip out from England. Following that, he had commanded the *Beaver* for nine years. Captain Swanston, the present commander, gave Dodd wholehearted cooperation, and the sturdy side-wheeler churned up those 750 miles in record time.

They anchored just outside the Kake village, and almost immediately found themselves surrounded by dugouts filled with fully armed Indians. As quietly as possible, Captain Swanston ordered his crew to their stations and the guns placed in position. It was a ticklish situation.

The impassive Indian in the stern of one of the canoes must be the Chief. Captain Dodd never once let his eyes swerve from that stolid face. He knew if he once turned away, his action would be interpreted as cowardice.

The men behind him on the Beaver waited for they knew not what. They too were silent as statues.

"What do you want?" growled the Chief at last.

Captain Dodd decided to waive preliminaries.

"The head of the White Tyee!"

A ripple of surprise ran through the Indian canoes, but the Chief refused to believe that this was the white man's real purpose. Convinced that this was only a subterfuge, and the real purpose of the *Beaver* was to burn the village in retaliation, he gave the signal for his men to attack.

With the speed of lightning the canoes moved close and the Indians tried to clamber aboard. It looked like desperate hand-to-hand fighting for a moment, but the men on the *Beaver* had orders to use as little violence as possible, so the few Indians who did actually scramble up to the rail found themselves thrown back into the water. Fortunately, no gunfire was necessary, and the *Beaver* weighed anchor immediately.

Obviously Captain Dodd was disappointed at not achieving his purpose, but he was not discouraged. He was convinced, from the Chief's belligerent attitude, that the tribe had what he sought. Undoubtedly it would be better to let their tempers calm down. When that happened, and they realized that the *Beaver* had no intention of burning their village, he was sure they would be willing to enter into trade negotiations.

A little later that fall, he tried again. This time he went in the *LaBouchere*, a smaller boat, and brought with him special trading goods which he knew the Indians would covet.

His judgment was vindicated. The Chief's eyes gleamed at the sight of the thick Hudson's Bay blankets. He pointed a grubby finger.

"Me want 'em, he grunted.

Captain Dodd smiled. "Yes, but first I want the head of the White Tyee!"

The Chief was still apparently torn by doubt of the white man's motives, but cupidity eventually overcame his uncertainty. He made a gesture to one of his younger men, and spoke a few gutteral words.

Captain Dodd waited. In a few minutes the young man returned and handed a fiber wrapped bundle to the Chief. This the Chief slapped down on the deck of the *LaBouchere*.

Dodd picked up the filthy bundle gingerly, and with mixed repugnance and eagerness, unwrapped the head of his friend, Colonel Ebey!

Now the trading began. Eager brown fingers examined the blankets, pushing aside other things which they considered less valuable. The final result was that the Chief's canoe pushed off loaded with six blankets, three pipes, one cotton handkerchief, six twists of tobacco, and a length of gay cotton cloth! The last item was probably for the chief's current inamorata!

The *LaBouchere* reached Fort Victoria on November 29th. After a lapse of a hundred years we can read with composure the report on the arrival of Colonel Ebey's head in the "*Victoria British Colonist*" of the following day.

"The scalp is entire, with all the hair and ears. The skin is free from fleshy matter, appears white, but slightly discolored with smoke. The beautifully fine silken brown hair is as natural as when struck down by the ruthless tomahawk of the savage. It is another one of the sad mementoes of border life. Captain Dodd is deserving of much praise for the pains he has taken to recover the melancholy relic."

The "melancholy relic" was at once sent to the brother of Colonel Ebey on Whidbey Island, again via the *LaBouchere*. Winfield Ebey's diary contains the following notation.

"My brother's scalp was recovered from the Northern Indians by Captain Dodd. Near three years have elapsed since his murder, and now the poor head returns to his home."

The Ebey family must have been fond of keeping diaries, for in her memoirs a niece of Colonel Ebey says that she, as a child, was given a glimpse of the returned head.

"It is the only thing of that kind I have ever seen, and I remember it caused cold chills to run over me. It was later interred in the Colonel's grave."

Lest Captain Dodd's deed of valor and courage go unmarked, the Washington Territorial Legislature sent the following citation to him. It is dated January 20, 1860.

"Whereas Captain Dodd, after a long and tedious negotiation, did in the fall of 1859, succeed in getting the savages to surrender to him the sad relic—Be it Resolved that the thanks of this Legislative Assembly be tendered to Captain Charles Dodd for his bravery, gallantry and act of humanity, in having hazarded his own life and that of his crew and the probably destruction of his vessel, in his untiring endeavors to procure the scalp of the lamented Colonel Isaac N. Ebey."

This citation reached Captain Dodd only a few months before his death at 52 years of age. If has been this writer's privilege to visit his grave in the old cemetery adjoining the Anglican Cathedral in Victoria, B. C. Inscribed on his tombstone are the words, "Much and justly regarded." A simple but peculiarly fitting tribute to a man who remained loyal to his friend. ●

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WANTED: People with similar interests.

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Pencil Bluff, Ark. 71965
INTERESTED IN: Christians, sports, western books, motorcycles.
WANTED: People interested in Christ, animals, sports.

JAMES REED (37)
Readsboro, Vermont 05350
INTERESTED IN: Sightseeing, traveling.
WANTED: Any penpals.

JESSIE HAMOR (21)
P.O. BOX 603
Chillicothe, Tex. 79225
INTERESTED IN: Snake hunting, sports, mountain climbing, traveling in the desert.
WANTED: Any penpals.

STEPHEN CASLER (30)
816 N. 5th Ave.
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INTERESTED IN: Camping, history of New York and California, prospecting.
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BILL WALLS (35)
21 Henry Street
Martinsville, Va. 24112
INTERESTED IN: Old West, traveling.
WANTED: People with similar interests.

PHILLIP FORTUNE (34)
1005 E. 9th Street
Pawhuska, Okla. 74056
INTERESTED IN: Country music, old western movies.
WANTED: Anyone interested in music, movies of 1930s and '40s.

DAVE ROHDE (36)
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INTERESTED IN: Exploring old mines and towns, travelling back-country.
WANTED: Anyone interested in new friends, relics, photos.

CHUCK KIRKLAND (48)
7414 Spencer
Pasadena, Tex. 77505
INTERESTED IN: Folk songs.
WANTED: People interested in early American music.

ROBERT CURRY (32)
1109 Ettle
Bryan, Texas 77801
INTERESTED IN: Way of life in the Old West.
WANTED: Anyone who knew or are kin to Tom Horn and Henry Starr.

BILL HARVEY (40)
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INTERESTED IN: Old West, travel, movies, music, meeting people of all races and creeds.
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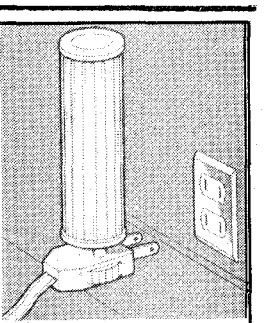

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THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 8)

fastest horses around that part of Lincoln City. Everyone knew about the horse.

Some way, Henry Starr had heard about the horse and wanted to rent him from my father to ride while they were making the movie. My father told him he was welcome to use the horse without any charge, if Starr would be able to ride him. And Henry Starr said, "I can ride him, never doubt that."

The next morning we saddled up the horse and took him down to the corralls by the Frisco Depot. Mr. Starr was waiting there for us. Henry Starr got on that horse and really rode him.

About a week and one-half later, Henry Starr rode the horse out to our farm, which was only about one mile east of Stroud. My father took him back to Stroud. I have never seen Henry Starr again after that, but I did see the movie several times.

At the time Henry Starr robbed the two banks there was a young man by the name of Paul Curry. While the robbery was going on he ran into Lum's grocery store across the street. He went out the back door and Henry Starr was standing in the middle of the street in front of the First National Bank. Paul Curry shot him through both legs and they captured him there. The rest of the gang got away.

Later, Paul Curry came out and picked cotton for my father and I would pick one row and he would pick two rows. He could really pick that cotton.

Henry Starr was no relation to Belle Starr. But Belle Starr had a cousin or brother who was a doctor in Drumright, Oklahoma. I do not know if he was a brother or a cousin, but he died around 35 or 40 years ago. Also, Paul Curry died several years ago living on a farm just south of Prague, Oklahoma.

It has been mentioned that Henry Starr was taken from Stroud to Chandler, Oklahoma in the county seat of Lincoln County on a Santa Fe train. That is not true because the Frisco R.R. goes through Stroud and Chandler, and he was taken on the Frisco.

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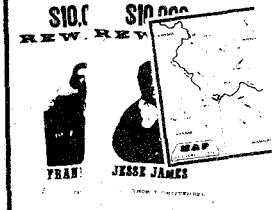

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OLD TIMERS CORNER

(Continued from page 6)

was covered with chokecherry and sarvice berry brush.

So they each filed on 320 acres making them a section of land. With the help of their three boys and a good team of horses they managed to build a log cabin, clear some brush, and fence their land. As there were plenty of deer and blue grouse in this area and thousands of sage chickens on the prairies between there and town, they first off planted some potatoes along with other things leaving them very little to need from the store they established themselves in true frontier style.

Soon, though, a sort of tragedy hit. The boys got older, and not caring for the hardships of the frontier and, I suppose, the lonliness, all left them and joined the Navy, leaving them alone in their declining years.

One winter day when the snow was deep and travel was impossible Jim took sick and in a few days passed on in bed.

Now since their bedroom happened to be in an attic of their little one room house, Sally thought to herself, how long would it be before the weather breaks so she can hook up the team and go get help. Then she wondered if she could ever get the horses since they were out on the range—the Lord knew where—and as she was rather heavy (weighing nearly 300 pounds) how could she find them? And if she could, could she get them in the corral?

Well, she was in a spot. She dare not build a fire in the range as their bed where her poor departed husband laid was directly above the range. On the end of the house was a shed she used for a washroom. In this room they had a small laundry stove used for heating wash water. She built a fire in this little stove and settled down to waiting out the answer to her problems.

It was two weeks before the weather broke and a couple of riders came by heading for the higher country to hunt for deer. Finding the conditions, they forthwith rounded up the team and hooked them to the wagon and one of them went with her to town and the other stayed at the cabin to stand watch. On arriving in town and taking care of the fundamentals at hand she wired my father notifying him of the events.

Immediately my mother said, "We must go get her and bring her home till she can decide what she will do or till she can locate the Moody boys and aquaint them of the ways things are."

I, being home at the time, was really deeply concerned. We sat down and figured out what we were going to do in this emergency.

First off, I was the only one in the family who knew how to drive a car as my father at that time had never driven and really hated automobiles.

He thought we should send her a ticket and let her come via train, but on checking with the railroad I found she would have to make a long, hazardous trek, as she must board the D.S.L. Railroad to Denver then take the Burlington to Cheyenne, Wyoming, then take the Union Pacific Railroad the rest of the way, then seven miles by wagon as we were on a ranch out of Laramie at the time.

I said I'd go get her in a car. This didn't set very good with him, feeling as he did about cars, but with mother arguing on my side I won the argument. But where to get a car? I had some very good friends that owned cars. I finally made a deal to rent one for a minimal amount and so I headed out.

This trip was nothing but hardship. On the first lap over Rabbit Ear pass and Berthoud pass there was lots of snow. But we were used to fighting heavy snow with drifts. But I was not prepared for what I found when I arrived in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

I found the roads which were not paved at that time to be a sea of mud. I was stuck 12 times between Steamboat Springs and Hayden, a distance of about 30 miles. But I got there and loaded her on board.

The return trip was rather uneventful. After a while it began to pall on Sally. As she had always been rather an independent person she contacted her son Tom and asked him if he would put forth and take over the farm helping her to maintain her own life. He agreed with the idea so he and his family went to Twin Mesa and took over the farm.

They soon decided this was a mistake and Tom and his family moved to Mount Harris, Colorado, a coal mining town about 20 miles from the farm. So when Sally arrived back to the farm, not being able to work it out by herself, she too moved to Mount Harris, to be near her boy. Being a wonderful cook, she obtained a job as cook in the hotel in this camp.

I went on my way about other things and did not again see Sally for several years. In the meantime I had met and married my wife. Finding that she had no idea about how to cook under poor man conditions, as her folks were able to live without the down to earth scramble that faced young married people at the start of the depression, I decided to move to Mount Harris to work in the mines and get Sally to teach my wife the art of cooking.

When we arrived in Mount Harris I obtained employment in the Wedge Mine and rented a large house, I went and told her I wish she would move in with us and teach my wife the art of cooking. This was agreed on, a fact for which I will be forever grateful, as it has paid off a million times.

Soon, though, she again felt she would rather not live with someone else as she had her own ways of wanting to keep her house and having lived her own life for so long wished again to keep her independence. So on meeting Mr. Ed Dingle, a man about her own age and a bachelor, she again launched on the sea of matrimony.

I saw her often after that since she was almost a daily visitor at our house as she thought the world of our oldest boy. She nicknamed him Buster, a name that stuck to him all his childhood. Finally she passed away in the hospital in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

I was with her at the time of her passing and we had her remains buried in the cemetery at Hayden, Colorado, where my wife and I have two of our own children and many friends that were killed later in the mines in an explosion.

This is the true story of Sally James. I know, because she was my grandmother, my mother's mother. ●

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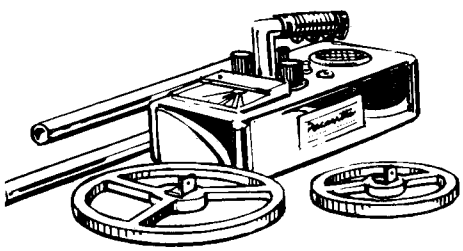

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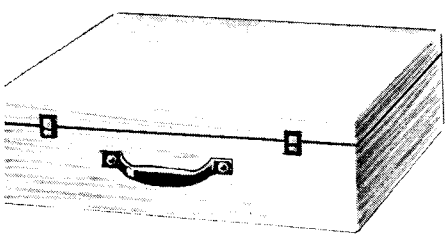

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